THE POETICAL WORKS OF WILL. SHENSTONE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR, AND A DESCRIPTION OF THE LEASOWES.

————— Sæpe ego longos
Cantando puerum memini me condere soles. VIRG.

IMITATION.

————— Right well I call to mind
When (yet a boy) whole suns and lengthen'd days
Oft' employ'd in chanting sylvan lays.

Yet while he woo'd the gentle throng,
With liquid lay and melting song,
The list'ning herd around him stray'd,
In wanton frisk the lambkins play'd,
And every Naiad ceas'd to lave
Her azure limbs amid the wave;
The Graces danc'd; the rosy band
Of Smiles and Loves went hand in hand,
And purple Pleasures strew'd the way
With sweetest flow'rs; and every ray
Of each fond Muse with rapture fir'd,
To glowing thoughts his breast inspir'd;
The hills rejoic'd, the vallies rung,
All Nature smil'd while SHENSTONE sung. VERSES by ----

VOL. I.

LONDON:
PRINTED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF JOHN BELL,
BRITISH LIBRARY, STRAND,
BOOKSELLER TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE OF WALES.
1793.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

VOL. I.

CONTAINING HIS

ELEGIES,

&c. &c. &c.

Ill was he skill'd to guide his wand'ring sheep,
And unforeseen disaster thinn'd his fold,
Yet at another's loss the swain would weep,
And for his friend his very crook was sold.------
He lov'd the Muse; she taught him to complain;
He saw his tim'rous loves on her depend:
He lov'd the Muse, altho' she taught in vain;
He lov'd the Muse, for she was Virtue's friend------

He wish'd for wealth, for much he wish'd to give;
He griev'd that virtue might not wealth obtain:
Piteous of woes, and hopeless to relieve,
The pensive prospect sadden'd all his strain.

I saw him faint! I saw him sink to rest!
Like one ordain'd to swell the vulgar throng;
As tho' the Virtues had not warm'd his breast,
As tho' the Muses not inspir'd his tongue.

ELEGY III.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN BELL, BOOKSELLER TO HIS
ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE OF WALES.

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI
TANJORE

PREFACE.

A GREAT part of the Poetical Works of Mr. Shenstone, particularly his Elegies and Pastorals, are (as he himself expresses it) "the exact transcripts of "the situation of his own mind," and abound in frequent allusions to his own place, the beautiful scene of his retirement from the world. Exclusively, therefore, of our natural curiosity to be acquainted with the history of an author whose Works we peruse with pleasure, some short account of Mr. Shenstone's personal character, and situation in life, may not only be agreeable, but absolutely necessary to the reader, as it is impossible he should enter into the true spirit of his writings, if he is entirely ignorant of those circumstances of his life which sometimes so greatly influenced his reflections.

I could wish, however, that this task had been allotted to some person capable of performing it in that masterly manner which the subject so well deserves. To confess the truth, it was chiefly to prevent his Remains from falling into the hands of any one still less qualified to do him justice, that I have unwillingly ventured to undertake the publication of them myself.

Mr. Shenstone was the eldest son of a plain uneducated gentleman in Shropshire, who farmed his own estate. The father, sensible of his son's extraordinary capacity, resolved to give him a learned

education, and sent him a commoner to Pembroke College in Oxford, designing him for the church; but though he had the most awful notions of the wisdom, power, and goodness, of God, he never could be persuaded to enter into orders. In his private opinions he adhered to no particular sect, and hated all religious disputes. But whatever were his own sentiments, he always shewed great tenderness to those who differed from him. Tenderness, indeed, in every sense of the word, was his peculiar characteristic; his friends, his domestics, his poor neighbours, all daily experienced his benevolent turn of mind. Indeed this virtue in him was often carried to such excess, that it sometimes bordered upon weakness; yet, if he was convinced that any of those ranked amongst the number of his friends had treated him ungenerously, he was not easily reconciled. He used a maxim, however, on such occasions, which is worthy of being observed and imitated; "I never," said he, "will be a revengeful enemy; "but I cannot, it is not in my nature to be half a "friend." He was in his temper quite unsuspicious; but if suspicion was once awakened in him, it was not laid asleep again without difficulty.

He was no economist; the generosity of his temper prevented him from paying a proper regard to the use of money; he exceeded, therefore, the bounds of his paternal fortune, which before he died was

considerably incumbered. But when one recollects the perfect paradise he had raised around him, the hospitality with which he lived, his great indulgence to his servants, his charities to the indigent, and all done with an estate not more than three hundred pounds a-year, one should rather be led to wonder that he left any thing behind him, than to blame his want of economy. He left, however, more than sufficient to pay all his debts, and by his will appropriated his whole estate for that purpose.

It was perhaps from some considerations on the narrowness of his fortune that he forbore to marry, for he was no enemy to wedlock, had a high opinion of many among the fair sex, was fond of their society, and no stranger to the tenderest impressions. One, which he received in his youth, was with difficulty surmounted. The lady was the subject of that sweet pastoral, in four parts, which has been so universally admired; and which, one would have thought, must have subdued the loftiest heart, and softened the most obdurate.

His person, as to height, was above the middle stature, but largely and rather inelegantly formed: his face seemed plain till you conversed with him, and then it grew very pleasing. In his dress he was negligent even to a fault, though, when young, at the university, he was accounted a beau. He wore his own hair, which was quite gray very early, in a particular manner; not from any affectation of singularity, but from a maxim he had laid down, that without too

slavish a regard to fashion, every one should dress in a manner most suitable to his own person and figure. In short, his faults were only little blemishes, thrown in by Nature, as it were on purpose, to prevent him from rising too much above that level of imperfection allotted to humanity.

His character, as a writer, will be distinguished by simplicity with elegance, and genius with correctness. He had a sublimity equal to the highest attempts; yet, from the indolence of his temper, he chose rather to amuse himself in culling flowers at the foot of the mount, than to take the trouble of climbing the more arduous steeps of Parnassus: but whenever he was disposed to rise, his steps, though natural, were noble, and always well supported. In the tenderness of Elegiac poetry he hath not been excelled; in the simplicity of Pastoral, one may venture to say he had very few equals. Of great sensibility himself, he never failed to engage the hearts of his readers; and amidst the nicest attention to the harmony of his numbers, he always took care to express, with propriety, the sentiments of an elegant mind. In all his writings, his greatest difficulty was to please himself. I remember a passage in one of his Letters, where, speaking of his Love Songs, he says,—" Some were written on occasions a good deal imaginary, others not so; and " the reason there are so many is, that I wanted to " write one good song, and could never please myself." It was this diffidence which occasioned him

to throw aside many of his pieces before he had bestowed upon them his last touches. I have suppressed several on this account; and if, among those which I have selected, there should be discovered some little want of his finishing polish, I hope it will be attributed to this cause, and, of course, be excused: yet I flatter myself there will always appear something well worthy of having been preserved: and though I was afraid of inserting what might injure the character of my friend, yet, as the sketches of a great master are always valuable, I was unwilling the public should lose any thing material of so accomplished a writer. In this dilemma it will easily be conceived that the task I had to perform would become somewhat difficult; how I have acquitted myself the public must judge. Nothing, however, except what he had already published, has been admitted without the advice of his most judicious friends; nothing altered without their particular concurrence. It is impossible to please every one; but 'tis hoped that no reader will be so unreasonable as to imagine that the Author wrote solely for his amusement: his talents were various; and though it may perhaps be allowed that his excellence chiefly appeared in subjects of tenderness and simplicity, yet he frequently condescended to trifle with those of humour and drollery: these, indeed, he himself in some measure degraded, by the title which he gave them, of Levities; but had they been entirely rejected, the public would have been deprived

of some *jeux d'esprits*, excellent in their kind, and Mr. Shenstone's character as a writer would have been but imperfectly exhibited.

But the talents of Mr. Shenstone were not confined merely to poetry; his character, as a man of clear judgment and deep penetration, will best appear from his Prose Works; it is there we must search for the acuteness of his understanding, and his profound knowledge of the human heart. It is to be lamented, indeed, that some things here are unfinished, and can be regarded only as fragments: many are left as single thoughts, but which, like the sparks of diamonds, shew the richness of the mine to which they belong, or, like the foot of a Hercules, discover the uncommon strength and extraordinary dimensions of that hero. I have no apprehension of incurring blame from any one for preserving these valuable Remains; they will discover to every reader the Author's sentiments on several important subjects; and there can be very few to whom they will not impart many thoughts which they would never perhaps have been able to draw from the source of their own reflections.

But I believe little need be said to recommend the writings of this gentleman to public attention. His character is already sufficiently established; and if he be not injured by the inability of his editor, there is no doubt but he will ever maintain an eminent station among the best of our English writers.

R. DODSLEY.

A PREFATORY ESSAY ON ELEGY.

It is observable, that discourses prefixed to poetry are contrived very frequently to inculcate such tenets as may exhibit the performance to the greatest advantage: the fabric is very commonly raised in the first place, and the measures by which we are to judge of its merit are afterwards adjusted.

There have been few rules given us by the critics concerning the structure of Elegiac poetry; and far be it from the author of the following trifles to dignify his own opinions with that denomination: he would only intimate the great variety of subjects, and the different styles*, in which the writers of Elegy have hitherto indulged themselves, and endeavour to shield the following ones by the latitude of their example.

If we consider the etymology of the word†, the epithet which Horace gives it ‡, or the confession which Ovid makes concerning it ||, I think we may conclude thus much however, that Elegy, in its true and genuine acceptation, includes a tender and querulous idea; that it looks upon this as its peculiar characteristic, and so long as this is thoroughly sustained, admits of a variety of subjects, which, by its

* This essay was written near twenty years ago.

† ε-λεγειν, ε- particulam dolendi.

‡ Miserabiles elegos. *Hor.*

|| Heu nimis ex vero nunc tibi nomen erit.
Ovid. de Morte Tibulli.

manner of treating them it renders its own: it throws its melancholy stole over pretty different objects, which, like the dresses at a funeral procession, gives them all a kind of solemn and uniform appearance.

It is probable that Elegies were written, at first, upon the death of intimate friends and near relations; celebrated beauties, or favourite mistresses; beneficent governors and illustrious men: one may add, perhaps, of all those who are placed by Virgil in the laurel grove of his Elysium, (*Vide* Hurd's Dissertation on Horace's Epistle)

Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo.

After these subjects were sufficiently exhausted, and the severity of fate displayed in the most affecting instances, the poets sought occasion to vary their complaints, and the next tender species of sorrow that presented itself, was the grief of absent or neglected lovers; and this indulgence might be indeed allowed them, but with this they were not contented: they had obtained a small corner in the province of love, and they took advantage, from thence, to over-run the whole territory: they sung its spoils, triumphs, ovations, and rejoicings*, as well as the captivity and exequies that attended it: they gave the name of Elegy to their pleasantries as well as lamentations, till at last, through their abundant fondness for the myrtle, they forgot that the cypress was their peculiar garland.

* Dicite Io Pæan, et Io bis dicite Pæan. *Ovid.*

In this it is probable they deviated from the original design of Elegy, and it should seem that any kind of subjects, treated in such a manner as to diffuse a pleasing melancholy, might far better deserve the name, than the facetious mirth and libertine festivity of the successful votaries of Love.

But, not to dwell too long upon an opinion which may seem, perhaps, introduced to favour the following performance, it may not be improper to examine into the use and end of Elegy. The most important end of all poetry is to encourage virtue. Epic and tragedy chiefly recommend the public virtues; Elegy is of a species which illustrates and endears the private. There is a truly virtuous pleasure connected with many pensive contemplations, which it is the province and excellency of Elegy to enforce: this, by presenting suitable ideas, has discovered sweets in melancholy which we could not find in mirth, and has led us, with success, to the dusty urn, when we could draw no pleasure from the sparkling bowl. As Pastoral conveys an idea of simplicity and innocence, it is in particular the task and merit of Elegy to shew the innocence and simplicity of rural life to advantage; and that in a way distinct from Pastoral, as much as the plain but judicious landlord may be imagined to surpass his tenant both in dignity and understanding. It should also tend to elevate the more tranquil virtues of humility, disinterestedness, simpli-

city and innocence: but then there is a degree of elegance and refinement no way inconsistent with these rural virtues, and that raises Elegy above that *merum rus*, that unpolished rusticity, which has given our Pastoral writers their highest reputation.

Wealth and splendor will never want their proper weight; the danger is, lest they should too much preponderate: a kind of poetry, therefore, which throws its chief influence into the other scale, that magnifies the sweets of liberty and independence, that endears the honest delights of love and friendship, that celebrates the glory of a good name after death, that ridicules the futile arrogance of birth, that recommends the innocent amusement of letters, and insensibly prepares the mind for that humanity it inculcates; such a kind of poetry may chance to please, and if it please, should seem to be of service.

As to the style of Elegy, it may be well enough determined from what has gone before: it should imitate the voice and language of grief, or, if a metaphor of dress be more agreeable, it should be simple and diffuse, and flowing as a mourner's vale. A versification, therefore, is desirable, which, by indulging a free and unconstrained expression, may admit of that simplicity which Elegy requires.

Heroic metre, with alternate rhyme, seems well enough adapted to this species of poetry; and, however exceptionable upon other occasions, its inconveniences

appear to lose their weight in shorter Elegies, and its advantages seem to acquire an additional importance. The world has an admirable example of its beauty in a collection of Elegies* not long since published, the product of a gentleman of the most exact taste, and whose untimely death merits all the tears that Elegy can shed.

It is not impossible that some may think this metre too lax and prosaic; others, that even a more dissolute variety of numbers may have superior advantages: and in favour of these last might be produced the example of Milton in his Lycidas, together with one or two recent and beautiful imitations of his versification in that monody. But this kind of argument, I am apt to think, must prove too much, since the writers I have in view seem capable enough of recommending any metre they shall chuse; though it must be owned also, that the choice they make of any, is at the same time the strongest presumption in its favour.

Perhaps it may be no great difficulty to compromise the dispute. There is no one kind of metre, that is distinguished by rhymes, but is liable to some objection or other. Heroic verse, where every second line is terminated by a rhyme, (with which the judgment requires that the sense should in some measure also terminate) is apt to render the expres-

* *N. B.* This preface was written near twenty years ago.

sion either scanty or constrained; and this is sometimes observable in the writings of a poet lately deceased, though I believe no one ever threw so much sense together, with so much ease, into a couplet, as Mr. Pope: but as an air of constraint too often accompanies this metre, it seems by no means proper for a writer of Elegy.

The previous rhyme in Milton's Lycidas is very frequently placed at such a distance from the following, that it is often dropt by the memory (much better employed in attending to the sentiment) before it be brought to join its partner; and this seems to be the greatest objection to that kind of versification: but then the peculiar ease and variety it admits of are, no doubt, sufficient to overbalance the objection, and to give it the preference to any other, in an Elegy of length.

The chief exception, to which stanza of all kinds is liable, is, that it breaks the sense too regularly when it is continued through a long poem; and this may be, perhaps, the fault of Mr. Waller's excellent panegyric. But if this fault be less discernible in smaller compositions, as I suppose it is, I flatter myself that the advantages I have before mentioned, resulting from alternate rhyme, (with which stanza is, I think, connected) may at least, in shorter Elegies, be allowed to outweigh its imperfections.

I shall say but little of the different kinds of Elegy. The melancholy of a lover is different, no doubt, from what we feel on other mixed occasions. The mind in which love and grief at once predominate is softened to an excess. Love-elegy, therefore, is more negligent of order and design, and, being addressed chiefly to the ladies, requires little more than tenderness and perspicuity. Elegies that are formed upon promiscuous incidents, and addressed to the world in general, inculcate some sort of moral, and admit a different degree of reasoning, thought, and order.

The Author of the following Elegies entered on his subjects occasionally, as particular incidents in life suggested, or dispositions of mind recommended them to his choice. If he describes a rural landscape, or unfolds the train of sentiments it inspired, he fairly drew his picture from the spot, and felt very sensibly the affection he communicates: if he speaks of his humble shed, his flocks and his fleeces, he does not counterfeit the scene, who having (whether thro' choice or necessity is not material) retired betimes to country solitudes, and sought his happiness in rural employments, has a right to consider himself as a real shepherd. The flocks, the meadows, and the grottos, are his own, and the embellishment of his farm his sole amusement. As the sentiments, therefore, were inspired by Nature,

and that in the earlier part of his life, he hopes they will retain a natural appearance, diffusing at least some part of that amusement which, he freely acknowledges, he received from the composition of them.

There will appear, perhaps, a real inconsistency in the moral tenor of the several Elegies, and the subsequent ones may sometimes seem a recantation of the preceding. The reader will scarcely impute this to oversight; but will allow that men's opinions, as well as tempers, vary; that neither public nor private, active nor speculative life, are unexceptionably happy, and, consequently, that any change of opinion concerning them may afford an additional beauty to poetry, as it gives us a more striking representation of life.

If the Author has hazarded, throughout, the use of English or modern allusions, he hopes it will not be imputed to an entire ignorance, or to the least disesteem of the ancient learning. He has kept the ancient plan and method in his eye, though he builds his edifice with the materials of his own nation. In other words, through a fondness for his native country, he has made use of the flowers it produced, tho', in order to exhibit them to the greater advantage, he has endeavoured to weave his garland by the best model he could find; with what success, beyond his own amusement, must be left to judges

less partial to him than either his acquaintance or his friends.—If any of those should be so candid as to approve the variety of subjects he has chosen, and the tenderness of sentiment he has endeavoured to impress, he begs the metre also may not be too suddenly condemned. The public ear, habituated of late to a quicker measure, may perhaps consider this as heavy and languid; but an objection of that kind may gradually lose its force, if this measure should be allowed to suit the nature of Elegy.

If it should happen to be considered as an objection, with others, that there is too much of a moral cast diffused through the whole, it is replied, that he endeavoured to animate the poetry so far as not to render this objection too obvious, or to risk excluding the fashionable reader; at the same time never deviating from a fixed principle, that poetry without morality is but the blossom of a fruit-tree. Poetry is indeed, like that species of plants which may bear at once both fruits and blossoms, and the tree is by no means in perfection without the former, however it may be embellished by the flowers which surround it.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE READER.

To this edition is subjoined (for the sake of those readers to whom it may not prove unwelcome) an explanation, or, rather, in most places, a liberal imitation, of all the Latin inscriptions and quotations throughout this Work by Mr. Hull. That gentleman's well-known friendship for Mr. Shenstone, and willingness to oblige, being his sole inducements to this (as he chuses to have it call'd) trifling addition, the editor thinks it no more than a just return of gratitude to let his purchasers know to whom they are beholden for it. Be it remembered, however, that it was executed in a country retirement, where our eminent translators of the Classics were not at hand to be consulted.

A DESCRIPTION

OF THE LEASOWES*,

The Seat of the late William Shenstone, Esq.

BY R. DODSLEY.

THE Leasowes is situate in the parish of Hales Owen, a small market-town in the county of Salop, but surrounded by other counties, and thirty miles from Shrewsbury, as it is near ten to the borders of Shropshire. Though a paternal estate, it was never distinguished for any peculiar beauties till the time of its late owner. It was reserved for a person of his ingenuity both to discover and improve them, which he has done so effectually, that it is now considered as amongst the principal of those delightful scenes which persons of taste, in the present age, are desirous to see. Far from violating its natural beauties, Mr. Shenstone's only study was to give them their full effect; and although the form in which things

* The following Description was intended to give a friend some idea of the Leasowes—which having been so justly admired by persons of the best taste, and celebrated by the Muse of such an original genius as Mr. Shenstone, it is hoped the public will not be displeased with this slight attempt to perpetuate those beauties, which time, or the different taste of some future possessor, may destroy.

now appear be indeed the consequence of much thought and labour, yet the hand of art is no way visible either in the shape of ground, the disposition of trees, or (which are here so numerous and striking) the romantic fall of his cascades.

But I will now proceed to a more particular description. About half a mile short of Hales Owen, in your way from Birmingham to Bewdley, you quit the great road, and turn into a green lane on the left hand, where, descending in a winding manner to the bottom of a deep valley finely shaded, the first object that occurs is a kind of ruinated wall, and a small gate, within an arch, inscribed, "The Priory Gate." Here, it seems, the company should properly begin their walk, but generally chuse to go up with their horses or equipage to the house, from whence returning, they descend back into the valley. Passing through a small gate at the bottom of the fine swelling lawn that surrounds the house, you enter upon a winding path, with a piece of water on your right. The path and water, overshadowed with trees that grow upon the slopes of this narrow dingle, render the scene at once cool, gloomy, solemn, and sequestered, and form so striking a contrast to the lively scene you have just left, that you seem all on a sudden landed in a subterraneous kind of region. Winding forward down the valley, you pass beside a small root-house, where, on a tablet, are these lines:

"Here in cool grot and mossy cell,
"We rural Fays and Faeries dwell;
"Tho' rarely seen by mortal eye,
"When the pale moon, ascending high,
"Darts thro' yon' limes her quiv'ring beams,
"We frisk it near these crystal streams.

"Her beams, reflected from the wave,
"Afford the light our revels crave;
"The turf, with daisies border'd o'er,
"Exceeds, we wot, the Parian floor;
"Nor yet for artful strains we call,
"But listen to the water's fall.

"Would you then taste our tranquil scene,
"Be sure your bosoms be serene,
"Devoid of hate, devoid of strife,
"Devoid of all that poisons life;
"And much it 'vails you in their place
"To graft the love of human race.

"And tread with awe these favour'd bowers,
"Nor wound the shrubs nor bruise the flowers;
"So may your path with sweets abound,
"So may your couch with rest be crown'd!
"But harm betide the wayward swain
"Who dares our hallow'd haunts profane!"

These sentiments correspond as well as possible with the ideas we form of the abode of Fairies, and, appearing deep in this romantic valley, serve to keep alive such enthusiastic images while this sort of scene continues.

You now pass through The Priory Gate before mentioned, and are admitted into a part of the valley somewhat different from the former, tall trees, high irregular ground, and rugged scars. The right presents you with, perhaps, the most natural, if not the most striking, of the many cascades here found;

the left with a ſloping grove of oaks; and the centre with a pretty circular landscape appearing through the trees, of which Hales Owen ſteeple, and other objects at a diſtance, form an interesting part. The seat beneath the ruinated walls has these lines of Virgil inscribed, suiting well with the general tenour of Mr. Shenstone's late situation:

—— "Lucis habitamus opacis,
"Riparumque toros et prata recentia rivis
"Incolimus." †

You now proceed a few paces down the valley to another bench, where you have this cascade in front, which, together with the internal arch and other appendages, make a pretty irregular picture. I must observe, once for all, that a number of these protempore benches (two stumps with a transverse board) seem chiefly intended as hints to spectators, lest in passing cursorily through the farm, they might suffer any of that immense variety the place furnishes to escape their notice. The stream attending us, with its agreeable murmurs, as we descend along this pleasing valley, we come next to a small seat, where we have a ſloping grove upon the right, and on the left a striking vista to the steeple of Hales Owen,

† IMITATION.

—— We dwell in shady groves,
And seek the groves with cooling streams refresh'd,
And trace the verdant banks.

which is here seen in a new light. We now descend farther down this shady and sequestered valley, accompanied on the right by the same brawling rivulet running over pebbles, till it empties itself into a fine piece of water at the bottom. The path here winding to the left conforms to the water before mentioned, running round the foot of a small hill, and accompanying this semicircular lake into another winding valley, somewhat more open, and not less pleasing, than the former: however, before we enter this, it will be proper to mention a seat about the centre of this water-scene, where the ends of it are lost in the two vallies on each side, and in front it is invisibly connected with another piece of water, of about twenty acres, open to Mr Shenstone, but not his property. This last was a performance of the monks, and part of a prodigious chain of fish-ponds that belonged to Hales Abbey. The back ground of this scene is very beautiful, and exhibits a picture of villages and varied ground finely held up to the eye.

I speak of all this as already finished, but through some misfortune in the mound that pounds up the water it is not completed.

We now leave The Priory upon the left, which is not meant for an object here, and wind along into the other valley: and here I cannot but take notice of the judgment which formed this piece of water; for although it be not very large, yet, as it is form-

ed by the concurrence of three vallies, in which two of the ends are hid, and in the third it seems to join with the large extent of water below, it is, to all appearance, unbounded. I must confess I never saw a more natural bed for water, or any kind of lake that pleased me better; but it may be right to mention, that this water, in its full extent, has a yet more important effect from Mr. Shenstone's house, where it is seen to a great advantage. We now, by a pleasing serpentine walk, enter a narrow glade in the valley, the slopes on each side finely covered with oaks and beeches, on the left of which is a common bench, which affords a retiring place secluded from every eye, and a short respite, during which the eye reposes on a fine amphitheatre of wood and thicket.

We now proceed to a seat beneath a prodigiously fine canopy of spreading oak, on the back of which is this inscription:

"Huc ades, O Melibœe! caper tibi salvus et hœdi;
"Et si quid cessare potes, requiesce sub umbra†."

The picture before it is that of a beautiful home-scene; a small lawn of well-varied ground, encompassed with hills and well-grown oaks, and embellished with a cast of the piping Faunus, amid trees

† IMITATION.

Hither, O Meliboeus! bend thy way;
Thy herds, thy goats, secure from harm, repose;
If happy leisure serve a while to stay,
Here rest thy limbs beneath these shady boughs.

and shrubs on a slope upon the left, and on the right, and nearer the eye, with an urn thus inscribed;

"Ingenio et amicitiæ
"Gulielmi Somerville."

And on the opposite side,

"G. S. posuit,
"Debita spargens lacrima favillam
"Vatis amici †."

The scene is inclosed on all sides by trees; in the middle only there is an opening, where the lawn is continued, and winds out of sight.

Here entering a gate, you are led through a thicket of many sorts of willows, into a large root-house, inscribed to the Right Honourable the Earl of Stamford. It seems that worthy peer was present at the first opening of the cascade, which is the principal object from the root-house, where the eye is presented with a fairy vision, consisting of an irregular and romantic fall of water, very unusual, one hundred and fifty yards in continuity; and a very striking scene it affords. Other cascades may possibly have the advantage of a greater descent and a larger torrent; but a more wild and romantic appearance of water, and at the same time strictly natural, is what

† TRANSLATION.
To the genius and friendship
of
WILLIAM SOMERVILLE,
By W. S.
Sprinkling the ashes of a friendly bard
With tributary tears.

I never saw in any place whatever. This scene, tho' comparatively small, is yet aggrandized with so much art, that we forget the quantity of water which flows through this close and overshaded valley, and are so much transported with the intricacy of scene, and the concealed height from whence it flows, that we, without reflection, add the idea of magnificence to that of beauty. In short, it is not but upon reflection that we find the stream is not a Niagara, but rather a water-fall in miniature; and that the same artifice, upon a larger scale, were there large trees instead of small ones, and a river instead of a rill, would be capable of forming a scene that would exceed the utmost of our ideas. But I will not dwell longer upon this inimitable scene; those who would admire it properly must view it, as surely as those that view it must admire it beyond almost any thing they ever saw.

Proceeding on the right-hand path, the next seat affords a scene of what Mr. Shenstone used to call his Forest ground, consisting of wild green slopes peeping through dingle, or irregular groupes of trees, a confused mixture of savage and cultivated ground, held up to the eye, and forming a landscape fit for the pencil of Salvator Rosa.

Winding on beside this lawn, which is over-arched with spreading trees, the eye catches, at intervals, over an intermediate hill, the spire of Hales church,

forming here a perfect obelisk—the urn to Mr. Somervill, &c.; and now passing through a kind of thicket, we arrive at a natural bower of almost circular oaks, inscribed in the manner following:

To Mr. DODSLEY.

"Come then, my Friend! thy sylvan taste display;
"Come hear thy Faunus tune his rustic lay:
"Ah! rather come, and in these dells disown
"The care of other strains, and tune thine own."

On the bank above it, amid the fore-mentioned shrubs, is a statue of the piping Faun, which not only embellishes this scene, but is also seen from the court before the house, and from other places: it is surrounded by venerable oaks, and very happily situated. From this bower also you look down upon the fore-mentioned irregular ground, shut up with trees on all sides, except some few openings to the more pleasing parts of this grotesque and hilly country. The next little bench affords the first, but not most striking view of The Priory. It is indeed a small building; but seen as it is beneath trees, and its extremity also hid by the same, it has in some sort the dignity and solemn appearance of a larger edifice.

Passing through a gate, we enter a small open grove, where the first seat we find affords a picturesque view, through trees, of a clump of oaks at a distance, overshadowing a little cottage upon a green hill: we thence immediately enter a perfect dome or circular temple of magnificent beeches, in the centre of which it was

intended to place an antique altar, or a statue of Pan. The path serpentizing through this open grove, leads us by an easy ascent to a small bench with this motto,

> - - - - - - "Me gelidum nemus
> "Nympharumque leves cum satyris chori
> "Secernant populo †." HOR.

which alludes to the retired situation of the grove. There is also seen, through an opening to the left, a pleasing landscape of a distant hill, with a whited farm-house upon the summit; and to the right hand a beautiful round slope, crowned with a clump of large firs, with a pyramidal seat on its centre, to which, after no long walk, the path conducts us.

But we first come to another view of The Priory, more advantageous, and at a better distance, to which the eye is led down a green slope, through a scenery of tall oaks, in a most agreeable manner, the grove we have just passed on one side, and a hill of trees and thicket on the other, conducting the eye to a narrow opening through which it appears.

We now ascend to a small bench, where the circumjacent country begins to open; in particular a glass-house appears between two large clumps of trees, at about the distance of four miles; the glass-houses in this country not ill resembling a distant pyramid.

† EXPLANATION.

> - - - - - May the cool grove,
> And gay assembled nymphs with sylvans mix'd,
> Conceal me from the world!

Ascending to the next seat, which is in the Gothic form, the scene grows more and more extended; woods and lawns, hills and vallies, thicket and plain, agreeably intermingled. On the back of this seat is the following inscription, which the Author told me that he chose to fix here, to supply what he thought some want of life in this part of the farm, and to keep up the spectator's attention till he came to scale the hill beyond.

INSCRIPTION.

'Shepherd, wouldst thou here obtain
'Pleasure unalloy'd with pain,
'Joy that suits the rural sphere?
'Gentle Shepherd! lend an ear.

'Learn to relish calm delight,
'Verdant vales and fountains bright,
'Trees that nod on sloping hills,
'Caves that echo, tinkling rills.

'If thou canst no charm disclose
'In the simplest bud that blows,
'Go, forsake thy plain and fold,
'Join the crowd, and toil for gold.

'Tranquil pleasures never cloy;
'Banish each tumultuous joy;
'All but love—for love inspires
'Fonder wishes, warmer fires.

'Love and all its joys be thine—
'Yet ere thou the reins resign,
'Hear what Reason seems to say,
'Hear attentive, and obey.

"Crimson leaves the rose adorn,
"But beneath them lurks a thorn;
"Fair and flow'ry is the brake,
"Yet it hides the 'vengeful snake.

"Think not she, whose empty pride
"Dares the fleecy garb deride,
"Think not she who, light and vain,
"Scorns the sheep can love the swain.

"Artless deed and simple dress
"Mark the chosen shepherdess;
"Thoughts by decency controll'd,
"Well conceiv'd, and freely told:

"Sense that shuns each conscious air,
"Wit that falls ere well aware;
"Generous pity, prone to sigh
"If her kid or lambkin die.

"Let not lucre, let not pride,
"Draw thee from such charms aside;
"Have not those their proper sphere?
"Gentler passions triumph here.

"See! to sweeten thy repose,
"The blossom buds, the fountain flows;
"Lo! to crown thy healthful board,
"All that milk and fruits afford.

"Seek no more—the rest is vain;
"Pleasure ending soon in pain;
"Anguish lightly gilded o'er:
"Close thy wish, and seek no more."

And now, passing through a wicket, the path winds up the back part of a circular green hill, discovering little of the country till you enter a clump of stately firs upon the summit. Over-arched by these firs is an octagonal seat, the back of which is so contrived as to form a table or pedestal for a bowl or goblet, thus inscribed—

"To all friends round The Wrekin!"

This facetious inscription, being an old Shropshire health, is a commemoration of his country friends,

from which this part of Shropshire is divided: add to this, that The Wrekin, that large and venerable hill, appears full in front, at the distance of about thirty miles.

The scene is a very fine one, divided by the firs into several compartments, each answering to the octagonal seat in the centre; to each of which is allotted a competent number of striking objects to make a complete picture. A long serpentine stream washes the foot of this hill, and is lost behind trees at one end, and a bridge thrown over at the other. Over this the eye is carried from very romantic home-scenes to very beautiful ones at a distance. It is impossible to give an idea of that immense variety, that fine configuration of parts, which engage our attention from this place. In one of the compartments you have a simple scene of a cottage, and a road winding behind a farm-house half covered with trees, upon the top of some wild sloping ground; and in another a view of the town, appearing from hence as upon the shelving banks of a large piece of water in the flat. Suffice it to say, that the hill and vale, plain and woodland, villages and single houses, blue distant mountains that skirt the horizon, and green hills romantically jumbled, that form the intermediate ground, make this spot more than commonly striking—nor is there to be seen an acre of level ground through the large extent to which the eye is carried.

Hence the path winds on betwixt two small benches, each of which exhibits a pleasing landscape, which cannot escape the eye of a connoisseur.

Here we wind through a small thicket, and soon enter a cavity in the hill, filled with trees, in the centre of which is a seat, from whence is discovered, gleaming across the trees, a considerable length of the serpentine stream before mentioned, running under a flight rustic bridge to the right: hence we ascend in a kind of Gothic alcove, looking down a slope, sided with large oaks and tall beeches, which together over-arch the scene. On the back of this building is found the following

INSCRIPTION.

"O you that bathe in courtlye blysse,
"Or toyle in Fortune's giddy spheare,
"Do not too rashlye deeme amysse
"Of him that bydes contented here.

"Nor yet disdeigne the russet stoale
"Which o'er each carelesse lymbe he flyngs;
"Nor yet deryde the beechen bowle
"In whyche he quaffs the lympid springs.

"Forgive him, if at eve or dawne,
"Devoide of worldlye cark, he stray,
"Or all beside some flowerye lawne
"He waste his inoffensive daye.

"So may he pardonne fraud and strife,
"If such in courtlye haunt he see;
"For faults there beene in busye life
"From whyche these peaceful glennes are free."

Below this alcove is a large sloping lawn, finely bounded, crossed by the serpentine water before men-

tioned, and interspersed with single, or clumps of oaks at agreeable distances. Further on the scene is finely varied, the hills rising and falling towards the opposite concavities, by the side of a long winding vale, with the most graceful confusion. Among other scenes that form this landscape, a fine hanging wood, backed and contrasted with a wild heath, intersected with cross roads, is a very considerable object. Near adjoining to this is a seat, from whence the water is seen to advantage in many different stages of its progress; or where (as a poetical friend once observed) the proprietor has taken the Naiad by the hand, and led her an irregular dance into the valley.

Proceeding thence through a wicket, we enter upon another lawn, beyond which is a new theatre of wild shaggy precipices, hanging coppice ground, and smooth round hills between, being not only different, but even of an opposite character, to the ground from which we passed. Walking along the head of this lawn, we come to a seat under a spreading beech, with this

INSCRIPTION.

"Hoc erat in votis: modus agri non ita magnus,
"Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,
"Et paulum sylvæ super his foret. Auctius atque
"Dii melius fecere."——

IMITATION.

This was my wish—an humble spot of ground,
A garden well-dispos'd, and fenc'd around,

In the centre of the hanging lawn before you is discovered the house, half hid with trees and bushes: a little hanging wood, and a piece of winding water, issues through a noble clump of large oaks and spreading beeches. At the distance of about ten or twelve miles Lord Stamford's grounds appear, and beyond these the Clee hills in Shropshire. The scene here consists of admirably-varied ground, and is, I think, a very fine one. Hence passing still along the top of the lawn, we cross another gate, and behind the fence begin to descend into the valley. About half way down is a small bench, which throws the eye upon a near scene of hanging woods and shaggy wild declivities, intermixed with smooth green slopes and scenes of cultivation.

We now return again into the great lawn at bottom, and soon come to a seat, which gives a nearer view of the water before mentioned, between the trunks of high overshadowing oaks and beeches, beyond which the winding line of trees is continued down the valley to the right. To the left, at a distance, the top of Clent hill appears, and the house upon a swell, amidst trees and bushes. In the centre, the eye is carried by a sideling view down a length of

A bubbling fountain, to my dwelling nigh,
With crystal treasures stor'd, and never dry,
The whole defended by a modest wood——
This was my wish—my wish the gods allow'd,
And ev'n beyond that wish indulgently bestow'd.

lawn, till it rests upon the town and spire of Hales, with some picturesque and beautiful ground rising behind it.

Somewhat out of the path, and in the centre of a noble clump of stately beeches, is a seat inscribed to Mr. Spence, in these words:

IOSEPHO SPENCE,
eximio nostro Critoni;
cui dicari vellet
Musarum omnium et Gratiarum chorus,
dicat amicitia.
1758 †.

We now, through a small gate, enter what is called The Lover's Walk, and proceed immediately to a seat where the water is seen very advantageously at full length; which, though not large, is so agreeably shaped, and has its bounds so well concealed, that the beholder may receive less pleasure from many lakes of greater extent. The margin on one side is fringed with alders, the other is overhung with most stately oaks and beeches, and the middle beyond the water presents the Hales Owen scene, with a group of houses on the slope behind, and the horizon well

† EXPLANATION.
Dedicated by friendship
to JOSEPH SPENCE,
our most excellent Crito,
whom
the unanimous consent
of every Muse and Grace
made choice of
to be so distinguished.

fringed with the wood. Now winding a few paces round the margin of the water, we come to another small bench, which presents the former scene somewhat varied, with the addition of a whited village among trees upon a hill. Proceeding on, we enter the pleasing gloom of this agreeable walk, and come to a bench beneath a spreading beech that overhangs both walk and water, which has been called The Assignation Seat, and has this inscription on the back of it:

"Nerine Galatea! thymo mihi dulcior Hyblae,
"Candidior cygnis, hedera formosior alba!
"Cum primum pasti repetent prae sepia tauri,
"Si qua tui Corydonis hebet te cura, venito †."

Here the path begins gradually to ascend beneath a depth of shade, by the side of which is a small bubbling rill, either forming little peninsulas, rolling over pebbles, or falling down small cascades, all under cover, and taught to murmur very agreeably. This very soft and pensive scene, very properly styled The Lover's Walk, is terminated with an ornamented urn, inscribed to Miss Dolman, a beautiful and amiable relation of Mr. Shenstone's, who died of the small-pox, about twenty-one years of age, in the following words on one side:

† IMITATION.

O Galatea! Nereus' lovely child,
Sweeter than Hybla thyme, more undefil'd
Than down of swan, or ivy's purest white,
When the full oxen, warn'd by fading light,
Home to the stall their sober footsteps bend,
If Damon's dear, to Damon's call attend.

Peramabili suae consobrinae
M. D.

On the other side:

Ah! Maria!
pvellarvm elegantissima!
ah Flore venvstatis abrepta,
vale!
hev qvanto minvs est
cvm reliqvis versari,
qvam tvi
meminisse †!

The ascent from hence winds somewhat more steeply to another seat, where the eye is thrown over a rough scene of broken and furzy ground, upon a piece of water in the flat, whose extremities are hid behind trees and shrubs, amongst which the house appears, and makes upon the whole no unpleasing picture. The path still winds under cover up the hill, the steep declivity of which is somewhat eased by the serpentine sweep of it, till we come to a small bench, with this line from Pope's Eloisa:

† EXPLANATION.
----Sacred to the memory
of
a most amiable kinswoman.
Ah! Maria!
most amiable of nymphs!
snatched from us
in thy bloom of beauty,
ah! farewell!

How much inferior
is the living conversation
of others
to the bare remembrance
of thee!

"Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care!"

The opening before it presents a solitary scene of trees, thickets, and precipice, and terminates upon a green hill, with a clump of firs on the top of it.

We now find the great use as well as beauty of the serpentine path in climbing up this wood, the first seat of which, alluding to the rural scene before it, has the following lines from Virgil:

> -------- "Hic latis otia fundis
> "Speluncae, vivique lacus, hic frigida Tempe,
> "Mugitusque boum, mollesque sub arbore somni †."

Here the eye looking down a slope beneath the spreading arms of oak and beech trees, passes first over some rough furzy ground, then over water to the large swelling lawn, in the centre of which the house is discovered among trees and thickets: this forms the fore ground. Beyond this, appears a swell of waste furzy land, diversified with a cottage, and a road that winds behind a farm-house and a fine clump of trees. The back scene of all is a semicircular range of hills, diversified with woods, scenes of cultivation, and inclosures, to about four or five miles' distance.

Still winding up into the wood, we come to a slight seat, opening through the trees to a bridge of five

† IMITATION.

Here tranquil leisures in the ample field,
Here caves and living lakes their pleasures yield;
Here vales invite where sports the cooling breeze,
And peaceful sleep beneath embow'ring trees,
While lowing herds surround.

piers, crossing a large piece of water at about half a mile's distance. The next seat looks down from a considerable height, along the side of a steep precipice, upon irregular and pleasing ground. And now we turn upon a sudden into a long straight-lined walk in the wood, arched over with tall trees, and terminating with a small rustic building. Though the walk, as I said, be straight-lined, yet the base rises and falls so agreeably, as leaves no room to censure its formality. About the middle of this avenue, which runs the whole length of this hanging wood, we arrive unexpectedly at a lofty Gothic seat, whence we look down a slope, more considerable than that before mentioned, through the wood on each side. This view is indeed a fine one, the eye first travelling down over well-variegated ground into the valley, where is a large piece of water, whose sloping banks give all the appearance of a noble river. The ground from hence rises gradually to the top of Clent hill, at three or four miles' distance, and the landscape is enriched with a view of Hales Owen, the late Lord Dudley's house, and a large wood of Lord Lyttleton's. It is impossible to give an adequate description of this view, the beauty of it depending upon the great variety of objects and beautiful shape of ground, and all at such a distance as to admit of being seen distinctly.

Hence we proceed to the rustic building before mentioned, a slight and unexpensive edifice, formed

of rough unhewn stone, commonly called here The Temple of Pan, having a trophy of the Tibia and Syrinx, and this inscription over the entrance:

> "Pan primus calamos cera conjungere plures
> "Edocuit; Pan curat oves, oviumque magistros †."

Hence mounting once more to the right, through this dark umbrageous walk, we enter at once upon a lightsome high natural terrace, whence the eye is thrown over all the scenes we have seen before, together with many fine additional ones, and all beheld from a declivity that approaches as near a precipice as is agreeable. In the middle is a seat with this inscription:

> Divini gloria ruris ‖!

To give a better idea of this, by far the most magnificent scene here, it were, perhaps, best to divide it into two distinct parts—the noble concave in the front, and the rich valley towards the right.—In regard to the former, if a boon companion could enlarge his idea of a punch-bowl, ornamented within with all the romantic scenery the Chinese ever yet devised, it would, perhaps, afford him the highest idea he could possibly conceive of earthly happiness:

† IMITATION.

> Pan, god of shepherds, first inspir'd our swains
> Their pipes to frame, and tune their rural strains;
> Pan from impending harm the fold defends,
> And Pan the master of the fold befriends.

‖ EXPLANATION.

O glory of the sylvan scene divine!

he would certainly wish to swim in it. Suffice it to say, that the horizon, or brim, is as finely varied as the cavity. It would be idle here to mention the Clee hills, the Wrekin, the Welsh mountains, or Caer Caradoc, at a prodigious distance; which, though they finish the scene agreeably, should not be mentioned at the Leasowes, the beauty of which turns chiefly upon distinguishable scenes. The valley upon the right is equally enriched, and the opposite side thereof well fringed with woods, and the high hills on one side this long winding vale rolling agreeably into the hollows on the other. But these are a kind of objects which, though really noble in the survey, will not strike a reader in description as they would a spectator upon the spot.

Hence returning back into the wood, and crossing Pan's Temple, we go directly down the slope into another part of Mr. Shenstone's grounds, the path leading down through very pleasing home-scenes of well-shaped ground, exhibiting a most perfect concave and convex, till we come at a seat under a noble beech, presenting a rich variety of fore-ground, and at, perhaps, half a mile's distance, the Gothic alcove on a hill well covered with wood, a pretty cottage under trees in the more distant part of the concave, and a farm-house upon the right, all picturesque objects.

The next and the subsequent seat afford pretty much the same scenes a little enlarged, with the ad-

dition of that remarkable clump of trees called Frankly Beeches, adjoining to the old family-seat of the Lyttletons, and from whence the present Lord Lyttleton derives his title.

We come now to a handsome Gothic screen, backed with a clump of firs, which throws the eye in front full upon a cascade in the valley, issuing from beneath a dark shade of poplars. The house appears in the centre of a large swelling lawn, bushed with trees and thicket. The pleasing variety of easy swells and hollows, bounded by scenes less smooth and cultivated, affords the most delightful picture of domestic retirement and tranquillity.

We now descend to a seat enclosed with handsome pales, and backed with firs, inscribed to Lord Lyttleton. It presents a beautiful view up a valley contracted gradually, and ending in a group of most magnificent oaks and beeches. The right-hand side is enlivened with two striking cascades, and a winding stream seen at intervals between tufts of trees and woodland. To the left appears the hanging wood already mentioned, with the Gothic screen on the slope in the centre.

Winding still downwards, we come to a small seat, where one of the offices of the house, and a view of a cottage on very high ground, is seen over the tops of the trees of the grove in the adjacent valley, giving an agreeable instance of the abrupt inequality of

ground in this romantic well-variegated country. The next seat shews another face of the same valley, the water gliding calmly along betwixt two seeming groves without any cascade, as a contrast to the former one, where it was broken by cascades: the scene very significantly alluded to by the motto,

"Rura mihi, et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
"Flumina amem, sylvasque inglorius †!

We descend now to a beautiful gloomy scene, called Virgil's Grove, where, on the entrance, we pass by a small obelisk on the right hand, with this inscription;

P. Virgilio Maroni
Lapis iste cvm lvco sacer esto||.

Before this is a slight bench, where some of the same objects are seen again, but in a different point of light. It is not very easy either to paint or describe this delightful grove: however, as the former has been more than once attempted, I will hope to apologize for an imperfect description, by the difficulty found

† IMITATION.

Woods, vales, and running streams, my mind enchant;
The woods and streams inglorious let me haunt.

|| EXPLANATION.

To
P. Virgilius Maro,
This obelisk
and grove
is consecrated †.

† *Note.*—It was customary with the Romans to give a praenomen, or first name, in the manner of our Christian names: accordingly Virgil had that of Publius. He derived the addition of Maro from his father, who was so called.

by those who have aimed to sketch it with their pencil. Be it, therefore, first observed, that the whole scene is opaque and gloomy, consisting of a small deep valley or dingle, the sides of which are inclosed with irregular tufts of hazel and other underwood, and the whole overshadowed with lofty trees rising out of the bottom of the dingle, through which a copious stream makes its way through mossy banks, enamelled with primroses, and variety of wild wood flowers. The first seat we approach is thus inscribed:

Celeberrimo Poetae
IACOBO THOMSON,
Prope fontes illi non fastiditos
G. S.
Sedem hanc ornavit †.
" Quae tibi, quae tali reddam pro carmine dona?
" Nam neque me tantum venientis sibilus austri,
" Nec percussa juvant fluctu tam littora, nec quae
" Saxosas inter decurrunt flumina valles ||.

This seat is placed upon a steep bank on the edge of the valley, from which the eye is here drawn down

† EXPLANATION.
To the
much celebrated Poet
JAMES THOMSON,
This seat was placed
near his favourite springs
by
W. S.

|| IMITATION.
How shall I thank thy Muse, so form'd to please?
For not the whisp'rings of the southern breeze,
Nor banks still beaten by the breaking wave,
Nor limpid rills that pebbly vallies lave,
Yield such delight.---

into the flat below, by the light that glimmers in front, and by the sound of various cascades, by which the winding stream is agreeably broken. Opposite to this seat the ground rises again in an easy concave to a kind of dripping fountain, where a small rill trickles down a rude nich of rock-work, through fern, liverwort, and acquatic weeds; the green are in the middle, through which the stream winds, being as well shaped as can be imagined. After falling down these cascades, it winds under a bridge of one arch, and then empties itself into a small lake which catches it a little below. This terminates the scene upon the right; and after these objects have for some time amused the spectator, his eye rambles to the left, where one of the most beautiful cascades imaginable is seen, by way of incident, through a kind of vista or glade, falling down a precipice overarched with trees, and strikes us with surprise. It is impossible to express the pleasure which one feels on this occasion; for though surprise alone is not excellence, it may serve to quicken the effect of what is beautiful. I believe none ever beheld this grove without a thorough sense of satisfaction; and were one to chuse any particular spot of this perfectly Arcadian farm, it should, perhaps, be this; although it so well contrasts both with the terrace and with some other scenes, that one cannot wish them ever to be divided. We now proceed to a seat at the bottom of a large root on the side of a slope, with this inscription:

INSCRIPTION.

'O let me haunt this peaceful shade,
'Nor let ambition e'er invade
'The tenants of this leafy bower,
'That shun her paths, and slight her power.

'Hither the peaceful halcyon flies
'From social meads and open skies,
'Pleas'd by this rill her course to steer,
'And hide her sapphire plumage here.

'The trout, bedropp'd with crimson stains,
'Forsakes the river's proud domains,
'Forsakes the sun's unwelcome gleam,
'To lurk within this humble stream.

"And sure I heard the Naiad say,
"Flow, flow, my Stream! this devious way;
"Tho' lovely soft thy murmurs are,
"Thy waters lovely, cool, and fair.

"Flow gentle Stream! nor let the vain
"Thy small unsully'd stores disdain;
"Nor let the pensive sage repine,
"Whose latent course resembles thine."

The view from it is a calm tranquil scene of water, gliding through sloping ground, with a sketch through the trees of the small pond below.

The scene in this place is that of water stealing along through a rude sequestered vale, the ground on each side covered with weeds and field flowers, as that before is kept close shaven. Farther on we lose all sight of water, and only hear the noise, without having the appearance; a kind of effect which the Chinese are fond of producing in what they call their Scenes of enchantment. We now turn, all on a sudden, upon the high cascade which we admired before in

vista. The scene around is quite a grotto of native stone running up it, roots of trees overhanging it, and the whole shaded over head. However, we first approach, upon the left, a chalybeate spring, with an iron bowl chained to it, and this inscription upon a stone:

Fons ferrvginevs
Divae qvae secessv isto frvi concedit*.

Then turning to the right, we find a stone seat, making part of the aforesaid cave, with this well-applied inscription:

Intus aqvae dulces, vivoqve sedilia saxo;
Nympharvm domvs ||.

which I have often heard Mr. Shenstone term the definition of a grotto. We now wind up a shady path on the left hand, and crossing the head of this cascade, pass beside the river that supplies it in our way up to the house. One seat first occurs under a shady oak as we ascend the hill; soon after we enter the shrubbery, which half surrounds the house, where we find two seats, thus inscribed to two of his most particular friends. The first thus:

* EXPLANATION.
To the Goddess
Who bestowed the enjoyment
of these retreats,
This chalybeate spring
is consecrated.

|| IMITATION.
Within are wholesome springs, and marble seats
Carv'd in the living rock, of Nymphs the bless'd retreats.

Amicitiæ et meritis
RICHARDI GRAVES †:

Ipse te, Tityre! pinvs,
Ipsi te fontes, ipsa hæc arbvsta, vocabant||.

and a little further the other, with the following inscription:

Amicitiæ et meritis
RICHARDI JAGO §.

From this last is an opening down the valley over a large sliding lawn, well edged with oaks, to a piece of water crossed by a considerable bridge in the flat—the steeple of Hales, a village amid trees, making on the whole a very pleasing picture. Thus winding through flowering shrubs, beside a menagerie for doves, we are conducted to the stables. But let it not be forgot, that on the entrance into this shrubbery the first object that strikes us is a Venus de Medicis, beside a bason of gold-fish, encompassed round with shrubs, and illustrated with the following inscription:

† EXPLANATION.
To the
friendship and merits
of
RICHARD GRAVES.

|| EXPLANATION.
Thee, Tityrus! the pines,
The crystal springs, the very groves, invok'd.

§ EXPLANATION.
To the
friendship and merits
of
RICHARD JAGO.

——— "*Semi-reducta Venus*†."

"To Venus, Venus here retir'd,
"My sober vows I pay;
"Not her on Paphian plains admir'd,
"The bold, the pert, the gay;

"Not her whose am'rous leer prevail'd
"To bribe the Phrygian boy;
"Not her who, clad in armour, fail'd
"To save disast'rous Troy.

"Fresh rising from the foamy tide,
"She ev'ry bosom warms,
"While half withdrawn she seems to hide,
"And half reveals, her charms.

"Learn hence, ye boastful sons of Taste!
"Who plan the rural shade,
"Learn hence to shun the vicious waste
"Of pomp at large display'd.

"Let sweet Concealment's magic art
"Your mazy bounds invest,
"And while the sight unveils a part,
"Let Fancy paint the rest.

"Let coy Reserve with Cost unite,
"To grace your wood or field,
"No ray obtrusive pall the sight,
"In aught you paint or build.

"And far be driv'n the sumptuous glare
"Of gold, from British grove,
"And far the meretricious air
"Of China's vain alcoves.

"'Tis bashful Beauty ever twines
"The most coercive chain;
"'Tis she that sovereign rule declines,
"Who best deserves to reign."

† EXPLANATION.
Venus half-retired.

Written on a Ferme Orné, near Birmingham;

BY THE LATE LADY LUXBOROUGH.

'Tis Nature here bids pleasing scenes arise,
And wisely gives them Cynthio to revise;
To veil each blemish, brighten ev'ry grace,
Yet still preserve the lovely parent's face.
How well the Bard obeys each valley tells,
These lucid streams, gay meads, and lonely cells,
Where modest Art in silence lurks conceal'd,
While Nature shines, so gracefully reveal'd,
That she triumphant claims the total plan,
And with fresh pride adopts the work of man.

TO WILLIAM SHENSTONE, ESQ.

AT THE LEASOWES.

BY MR. GRAVES.

"Vellem in amicitia sic erraremus *!" HOR.

See! the tall youth, by partial Fate's decree,
To affluence born, and from restraint set free;
Eager he seeks the scenes of gay resort,
The Mall, the rout, the playhouse, and the court:

* IMITATION.
If friendship thus, O! be we still beguil'd!

Soon for some varnish'd nymph of dubious fame,
Or powder'd peeress, counterfeits a flame.
Behold him now, enraptur'd, swear and sigh,
Dress, dance, drink, revel, all he knows not why,
Till by kind Fate restor'd to country air,
He marks the roses of some rural fair;
Smit with her unaffected, native charms,
A real passion soon his bosom warms;
And, wak'd from idle dreams, he takes a wife,
And tastes the genuine happiness of life.
Thus, in the vacant season of the year,
Some Templar gay begins his wild career:
From seat to seat o'er pompous scenes he flies,
Views all with equal wonder and surprise,
Till, sick of domes, arcades, and temples, grown,
He hies fatigu'd, not satisfy'd, to Town.
Yet if some kinder genius point his way
To where the Muses o'er thy Leasowes stray,
Charm'd with the sylvan beauties of the place,
Where Art assumes the sweets of Nature's face,
Each hill, each dale, each consecrated grove,
Each lake, and falling stream, his rapture move.
Like the sage captive in Calypso's grot,
The cares, the pleasures, of the world forgot,
Of calm content he hails the genuine sphere,
And longs to dwell a blissful hermit here.

VERSES RECEIVED BY THE POST.

FROM A LADY UNKNOWN, 1761.

HEALTH to the Bard in Leasowes' happy groves;
Health, and sweet converse with the Muse he loves!
The humblest vot'ry of the tuneful Nine,
With trembling hand, attempts her artless line,
In numbers such as untaught Nature brings,
As flow, spontaneous, like thy native springs.
But, ah! what airy forms around me rise!
The russet mountain glows with richer dyes;
In circling dance a pigmy crowd appear,
And, hark! an infant voice salutes my ear!
'Mortal! thy aim we know, thy task approve;
'His merit honour, and his genius love:
'For us what verdant carpets has he spread,
'Where, nightly, we our mystic mazes tread!
'For us each shady grove and rural seat,
'His falling streams and flowing numbers sweet!
'Didst thou not mark, amid the winding dell,
'What tuneful verse adorns the mossy cell?
'There ev'ry Fairy of our sprightly train
'Resort, to bless the woodland and the plain:
'There, as we move, unbidden beauties glow,
'The green turf brightens, and the violets blow;
'And there with thoughts sublime we bless the swain,
'Nor we inspire, nor he attends, in vain.

"Go, simple Rhimer! bear this message true;
"The truths that Fairies dictate none shall rue.
"Say to the Bard in Leasowes' happy grove,
"Whom Dryads honour, and whom Fairies love—
"Content thyself no longer that thy lays,
"By others foster'd, lend to others praise;
"No longer to the fav'ring world refuse
"The welcome treasures of thy polish'd Muse;
"The scatter'd blooms that boast thy valu'd name,
"Collect, unite, and give the wreath to fame;
"Ne'er can thy virtues, or thy verse, engage
"More solid praise than in this happiest age,
"When sense and merit's cherish'd by the throne,
"And each illustrious privilege their own.
"Tho' modest be thy gentle Muse, I ween,
"Oh! lead her blushing from the daisy'd green,
"A fit attendant on Britannia's Queen."

Ye sportive Elves! as faithful I relate
Th' intrusted mandates of your Fairy state,
Visit these wilds again with nightly care;
So shall my kine, of all the herd, repair
In healthful plight to fill the copious pail;
My sheep lie pent with safety in the dale;
My poultry fear no robber in the roost;
My linen more than common whitenss boast:
Let order, peace, and housewifery, be mine;
Shenstone! be fancy, fame, and fortune, thine!

COTSWOULDIA.

ON THE DISCOVERY

OF AN ECHO AT EDGBASTON.

By ——— ———

HA! what art thou, whose voice unknown
Pours on these plains its tender moan?
Art thou the nymph in Shenstone's dale,
Who dost with plaintive note bewail
That he forsakes th' Aonian maids,
To court inconstant rills and shades?
Mourn not, sweet Nymph!—Alas! in vain
Do they invite, and thou complain—
  Yet while he woo'd the gentle throng,
With liquid lay and melting song,
The list'ning herd around him stray'd,
In wanton frisk the lambkins play'd,
And every Naïad ceas'd to lave
Her azure limbs amid the wave:
The Graces danc'd; the rosy band
Of Smiles and Loves went hand in hand,
And purple Pleasures strew'd the way
With sweetest flow'rs; and every ray
Of each fond Muse with rapture fir'd,
To glowing thoughts his breast inspir'd;
The hills rejoic'd, the vallies rung,
All Nature smil'd while Shenstone sung.

So charm'd his lay; but now no more—
Ah! why dost thou repeat—"No more?"
Ev'n now he hies to deck the grove,
To deck the scene the Muses love,
And soon again will own their sway,
And thou resound the peerless lay,
And with immortal numbers fill
Each rocky cave and vocal hill.

VERSES BY MR. DODSLEY,

ON HIS FIRST ARRIVAL AT THE LEASOWES, 1754.

"How shall I fix my wand'ring eye? where find
"The source of this enchantment? Dwells it in
"The woods? or waves there not a magic wand
"O'er the translucent waters? Sure, unseen,
"Some fav'ring power directs the happy lines
"That sketch these beauties; swells the rising hills,
"And scoops the dales to Nature's finest forms,
"Vague, undetermin'd, infinite; untaught
"By line or compass, yet supremely fair!"
So spake Philenor, as with raptur'd gaze
He travers'd Damon's farm: from distant plains
He sought his friend's abode; nor had the fame
Of that new form'd Arcadia reach'd his ear.
And thus the swain, as o'er each hill and dale,
Thro' lawn or thicket, he pursu'd his way:
"What is it gilds the verdure of these meads

" With hues more bright than Fancy paints the flowers
" Of paradise? What Naïad's guiding hand
" Leads, thro' the broider'd vale, these lucid rills,
" That, murm'ring as they flow, bear melody
" Along their banks, and thro' the vocal shades
" Improve the music of the woodland choir?
" What pensive Dryad rais'd yon' solemn grove,
" Where minds contemplative, at close of day
" Retiring, muse o'er Nature's various works,
" Her wonders venerate, or her sweets enjoy?—
" What room for doubt? some rural deity,
" Presiding, scatters o'er th' unequal lawns,
" In beauteous wildness, yon' fair-spreading trees,
" And, mingling woods and waters, hills and dales,
" And herds and bleating flocks, domestic fowl,
" And those that swim the lake, sees rising round
" More pleasing landscapes than in Tempe's vale
" Penéus water'd. Yes, some sylvan god
" Spreads wide the varied prospect, waves the woods,
" Lifts the proud hills, and clears the shining lakes,
" While, from the congregated waters pour'd,
" The bursting torrent tumbles down the steep
" In foaming fury; fierce, irregular,
" Wild, interrupted, cross'd with rocks and roots
" And interwoven trees; till, soon absorb'd,
" An opening cavern all its rage entombs.
" So vanish human glories! such the pomp
" Of swelling warriors, of ambitious kings,

"Who fret and strut their hour upon the stage
"Of busy life, and then are heard no more!
"Yes, 'tis enchantment all—And see! the spells,
"The pow'rful incantations, magic verse,
"Inscrib'd on every tree, alcove, or urn.—
"Spells!—Incantations!—Ah! my tuneful Friend!
"Thine are the numbers, thine the wondrous work!—
"Yes, great Magician! now I read thee right,
"And lightly weigh all sorcery but thine.
"No Naïad's leading step conducts the rill,
"Nor sylvan god presiding skirts the lawn
"In beauteous wildness, with fair-spreading trees,
"Nor magic wand has circumscrib'd the scene:
"'Tis thine own taste, thy genius that presides,
"Nor needs there other deity, nor needs
"More potent spells than they."—No more the swain,
For lo! his Damon, o'er the tufted lawn
Advancing, leads him to the social dome.

TO MR. R. D.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. SHENSTONE.

"Thee, Shepherd! thee the woods and desert caves,
"With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
"And all their echoes, mourn." MILT.

'Tis past, my Friend! the transient scene is clos'd!
The fairy pile, th' enchanted vision, rais'd
By Damon's magic skill, is lost in air!

What tho' the lawns and pendent woods remain,
Each tinkling stream, each rushing cataract,
With lapse incessant echoes thro' the dale?
Yet what avails the lifeless landscape now?
The charm's dissolv'd; the genius of the wood,
Alas! is flown—for Damon is no more.
As when from fair Lycæum, crown'd with pines,
Or Mænalus, with leaves autumnal strew'd,
The tuneful Pan retires, the vocal hills
Resound no more, and all Arcadia mourns.
Yet here we fondly dream'd of lasting joys;
Here we had hop'd, from noisy throngs retir'd,
To drink large draughts of Friendship's cordial stream,
In sweet oblivion wrapt, by Damon's verse,
And social converse, many a summer's day.
Romantic wish! in vain frail mortals trace
Th' imperfect sketch of human bliss—Whilst yet
Th' enraptur'd sire his well-plann'd structure views
Majestic rising 'midst his infant groves,
Sees the dark laurel spread its glossy shade,
Its languid bloom the purple lilac blend,
Or pale laburnum drop its pensile chain,
Death spreads the fatal shaft, and bids his heir
Transplant the cypress round his father's tomb.
Oh! teach me then, like you, my Friend! to raise
To moral truth my grov'ling song; for, ah!
Too long, by lawless Fancy led astray,
Of Nymphs and groves I've dream'd, and dancing Fauns,

Or Naïad leaning o'er her tinkling urn.
Oh! could I learn to sanctify my strains
With hymns, like those by tuneful Meyrick sung—
Or rather catch the melancholy sounds
From Warton's reed, or Mason's lyre—to paint
The sudden gloom that damps my soul—But see!
Melpomene herself has snatch'd the pipe
With which sad Lyttleton his Lucia mourn'd,
And plaintive cries, My Shenstone is no more!

R. G.

VERSES WRITTEN AT THE GARDENS OF

WILLIAM SHENSTONE, ESQ.

NEAR BIRMINGHAM, 1756.

"Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes
"Angulus ridet†." HOR.

Would you these lov'd recesses trace,
And view fair Nature's modest face?
See her in ev'ry field-flower bloom,
O'er ev'ry thicket shed perfume?
By verdant groves, and vocal hills,
By mossy grots, near purling rills,
Where'er you turn your wond'ring eyes,
Behold her win without disguise.

† IMITATION.
Whate'er the beauties others boast,
That spot of ground delights me most.

What tho' no pageant trifles here,
As in the glare of courts, appear?
Tho' rarely here be heard the name
Of rank or title, power or fame?
Yet, if ingenuous be your mind,
A bliss more pure and unconfin'd
Your step attends—Draw freely nigh,
And meet the Bard's benignant eye:
On him no pedant forms await,
No proud reserve shuts up his gate;
No spleen, no party views, control
That warm benevolence of soul
Which prompts the friendly gen'rous part,
Regardless of each venal art,
Regardless of the world's acclaim,
And courteous with no selfish aim.
Draw freely nigh, and welcome find,
If not the costly, yet the kind.
Oh! he will lead you to the cells
Where ev'ry Muse and Virtue dwells,
Where the green Dryads guard his woods,
Where the blue Naïads guide his floods,
Where all the Sister Graces gay,
That shap'd his walk's meand'ring way,
Stark-naked, or but wreath'd with flowers,
Lie slumb'ring soft beneath his bowers.
Wak'd by the stock-dove's melting strain,
Behold them rise! and, with the train

Of Nymphs that haunt the stream or grove,
Or o'er the flow'ry champain rove,
Join hand in hand—attentive gaze—
And mark the dance's mystic maze.
"Such is the waving line," they cry,
"For ever dear to Fancy's eye!
"Yon' stream that wanders down the dale,
"The spiral wood, the winding vale,
"The path which, wrought with hidden skill,
"Slow twining, scales yon' distant hill,
"With fir invested—all combine
"To recommend the waving line.
"The wreathed rod of Bacchus fair,
"The ringlets of Apollo's hair,
"The wand by Maïa's offspring borne,
"The smooth volutes of Ammon's horn,
"The structure of the Cyprian dame,
"And each fair female's beauteous frame,
"Shew, to the pupils of Design,
"The triumphs of the waving line."
Then gaze, and mark that union sweet
Where fair convex and concave meet,
And while, quick shifting as you stray,
The vivid scenes on fancy play,
The lawn, of aspect smooth and mild,
The forest ground grotesque and wild,
The shrub that scents the mountain gale,
The stream rough dashing down the dale,

From rock to rock in eddies tost,
The distant lake in which 'tis lost,
Blue hills gay beaming thro' the glade,
Lone urns that solemnize the shade,
Sweet interchange of all that charms
In groves, meads, dingles, riv'lets, farms!
If aught the fair confusion please,
With lasting health and lasting ease,
To him who form'd the blissful bow'r,
And gave thy life one tranquil hour,
Wish peace and freedom—these possest,
His temp'rate mind secures the rest.
But if thy soul such bliss despise,
Avert thy dull incurious eyes;
Go, fix them there where gems and gold,
Improv'd by art, their pow'r unfold;
Go, try in courtly scenes to trace
A fairer form of Nature's face;
Go, scorn Simplicity—but know
That all our heart-felt joys below,
That all which Virtue loves to name,
Which Art consigns to lasting fame,
Which fixes Wit or Beauty's throne,
Derives its source from her alone.

ARCADIO.

TO WILLIAM SHENSTONE, ESQ.

IN HIS SICKNESS.

BY MR. WOODHOUSE.

Ye flow'ry Plains! ye breezy Woods!
Ye Bowers and gay Alcoves!
Ye falling Streams! ye silver Floods!
Ye Grottoes, and ye Groves!

Alas! my heart feels no delight,
Tho' I your charms survey,
While he consumes in pain the night,
In languid sighs the day.

The flowers disclose a thousand blooms,
A thousand scents diffuse,
Yet all in vain they shed perfumes,
In vain display their hues.

Restrain, ye Flowers! your thoughtless pride,
Recline your gaudy heads,
And sadly drooping, side by side,
Embrace your humid beds.

Tall Oaks! that o'er the woodland shade
Your lofty summits rear,
Ah! why, in wonted charms array'd,
Expand your leaves so fair!

For, lo! the flowers as gayly smile,
As wanton waves the tree,
And tho' I sadly 'plain the while,
Yet they regard not me.

Ah! should the Fates an arrow send,
And strike the fatal wound,
Who, who shall then your sweets defend,
Or fence your beauties round?

But hark! perhaps the plumy throng
Have learn'd my plaintive tale,
And some sad dirge or mournful song
Comes floating in the gale.

Ah, no! they chant a sprightly strain
To sooth an am'rous mate,
Unmindful of my anxious pain,
And his uncertain fate.

But see! these little murm'ring rills
With fond repinings rove,
And trickle wailing down the hills,
Or weep along the grove.

Oh! mock not if, beside your stream,
You hear me, too, repine,
Or aid with sighs your mournful theme,
And fondly call him mine.

Ye envious Winds! the cause display;
In whispers as ye blow,
Why did your treach'rous gales convey
The poison'd shafts of woe?

Did he not plant the shady bower,
Where you so blithly meet?
The scented shrub, and fragrant flower,
To make your breezes sweet?

And must he leave the wood, the field,
The dear Arcadian reign?
Can neither verse nor virtue shield
The guardian of the plain?

Must he his tuneful breath resign,
Whom all the Muses love?
That round his brow their laurels twine,
And all his songs approve.

Preserve him, mild Omnipotence!
Our Father, King, and God!
Who clear'st the paths of life and sense,
Or stopp'st them at thy nod.

Bless'd Power! who calm'st the raging deep,
His valued health restore,
Nor let the sons of Genius weep,
Nor let the Good deplore.

But if thy boundless wisdom knows
His longer date an ill,
Let not my soul a wish disclose
To contradict thy will.

For happy, happy were the change,
For such a godlike mind,
To go where kindred spirits range,
Nor leave a wish behind.

And tho' to share his pleasures here
Kings might their state forego,
Yet must he feel such raptures there,
As none can taste below.

VERSES LEFT ON A SEAT.

THE HAND UNKNOWN.

O EARTH! to his remains indulgent be,
Who so much care and cost bestow'd on thee;
Who crown'd thy barren hills with useful shade,
And cheer'd with tinkling rills each silent glade;
Here taught the day to wear a thoughtful gloom,
And there enliven'd Nature's vernal bloom.
Propitious Earth! lie lightly on his head,
And ever on his tomb thy vernal glories spread!

CORYDON, A PASTORAL.

TO THE MEMORY OF WILLIAM SHENSTONE, ESQ.

BY MR. J. CUNNINGHAM.

I.

Come, Shepherds! we'll follow the herse,
And see our lov'd Corydon laid!
Tho' sorrow may blemish the verse,
Yet let the sad tribute be paid.
They call'd him the Pride of the Plain:
In sooth he was gentle and kind;
He mark'd in his elegant strain
The graces that glow'd in his mind.

II.

On purpose he planted yon' trees,
That birds in the covert might dwell;
He cultur'd his thyme for the bees,
But never would rifle their cell.
Ye Lambkins! that play'd at his feet,
Go bleat—and your master bemoan;
His music was artless aud sweet,
His manners as mild as your own.

III.

No verdure shall cover the vale,
No bloom on the blossoms appear;
The sweets of the forest shall fail,
And winter discolour the year.

No birds in our hedges shall sing,
(Our hedges, so vocal before)
Since he that should welcome the spring
Can greet the gay season no more.

IV.

His Phyllis was fond of his praise,
And poets came round in a throng;
They listen'd, and envy'd his lays,
But which of them equall'd his song?
Ye Shepherds! henceforward be mute,
For lost is the Pastoral strain;
So give me my Corydon's flute,
And thus—let me break it in twain.

ELEGIES,

WRITTEN ON MANY DIFFERENT OCCASIONS.

Tantum inter densas, umbrosa cacumina, fagas
Assidue veniebat; ibi hæc incondita, solus,
Montibus et silvis studio jactabat inani! VIRG.

IMITATION.

The spreading beech alone he would explore
With frequent step; beneath its shady top,
(Ah! profitless employ!) to hills and groves
These indigested lays he wont repeat.

ELEGY I.

He arrives at his retirement in the country, and takes occasion to expatiate in praise of simplicity. To a Friend.

For rural virtues, and for native skies,
I bade Augusta's venal sons farewell;
Now 'mid the trees I see my smoke arise,
Now hear the fountains bubbling round my cell.

O may that Genius which secures my rest
Preserve this villa for a friend that's dear!
Ne'er may my vintage glad the sordid breast,
Ne'er tinge the lip that dares be unsincere!

Far from these paths, ye faithless Friends! depart;
Fly my plain board, abhor my hostile name!
Hence, the faint verse that flows not from the heart,
But mourns in labour'd strains, the price of fame!

O lov'd Simplicity! be thine the prize!
Assiduous Art correct her page in vain!
His be the palm who, guiltless of disguise,
Contemns the pow'r the dull resource to feign!

Still may the mourner, lavish of his tears,
For lucre's venal meed invite my scorn!
Still may the bard, dissembling doubts and fears,
For praise, for flatt'ry sighing, sigh forlorn!

Soft as the line of love-sick Hammond flows,
'Twas his fond heart effus'd the melting theme;
Ah! never could Aonia's hill disclose
So fair a mountain or so lov'd a stream.

Ye loveless Bards! intent with artful pains
To form a sigh, or to contrive a tear!
Forego your Pindus, and on —— plains
Survey Camilla's charms, and grow sincere.

But thou, my Friend! while in thy youthful soul
Love's gentle tyrant seats his awful throne,
Write from thy bosom—let not Art control
The ready pen that makes his edicts known.

Pleasing when youth is long expir'd, to trace
The forms our pencil or our pen design'd!
"Such was our youthful air, and shape, and face!
"Such the soft image of our youthful mind!"

Soft whilst we sleep beneath the rural bow'rs,
The Loves and Graces steal unseen away,
And where the turf diffus'd its pomp of flow'rs,
We wake to wintry scenes of chill decay!

Curse the sad fortune that detains thy fair;
Praise the soft hours that gave thee to her arms;
Paint thy proud scorn of ev'ry vulgar care,
When hope exalts thee, or when doubt alarms.

Where with Oenone thou hast worn the day,
Near font or stream, in meditation, rove;
If in the grove Oenone lov'd to stray,
The faithful Muse shall meet thee in the grove.

ELEGY II.

On posthumous reputation. To a Friend.

O GRIEF, of griefs! that Envy's frantic ire
Should rob the living virtue of its praise;
O foolish Muses! that with zeal aspire
To deck the cold insensate shrine with bays.

When the free spirit quits her humble frame,
To tread the skies with radiant garlands crown'd,
Say, will she hear the distant voice of Fame?
Or, hearing, fancy sweetness in the sound?

Perhaps even Genius pours a slighted lay;
Perhaps ev'n Friendship sheds a fruitless tear;
Ev'n Lyttleton but vainly trims the bay,
And fondly graces Hammond's mournful bier.

Tho' weeping virgins haunt his favour'd urn,
Renew their chaplets and repeat their sighs;
Tho' near his tomb Sabæan odours burn,
The loit'ring fragrance will it reach the skies?

No; should his Delia votive wreaths prepare,
Delia might place the votive wreaths in vain;
Yet the dear hope of Delia's future care
Once crown'd his pleasures and dispell'd his pain.

Yes—the fair prospect of surviving praise
Can ev'ry sense of present joys excel;
For this great Hadrian chose laborious days,
Thro' this, expiring, bade a gay farewell.

Shall then our youths, who Fame's bright fabric raise,
To life's precarious date confine their care?
O teach them you, to spread the sacred base,
To plan a work thro' latest ages fair!

Is it small transport, as with curious eye
You trace the story of each Attic sage,
To think your blooming praise shall time defy?
Shall waft, like odours, thro' the pleasing page?

To mark the day when, thro' the bulky tome,
Around your name the varying style refines?
And readers call their lost attention home,
Led by that index where true genius shines?

Ah! let not Britons doubt their social aim,
Whose ardent bosoms catch this ancient fire;
Cold int'rest melts before the vivid flame,
And patriot ardours but with life expire.

ELEGY III.

On the untimely death of a certain learned acquaintance.

If proud Pygmalion quit his cumb'rous frame,
Funereal pomp the scanty tear supplies,
Whilst heralds loud, with venal voice, proclaim,
Lo! here the brave and the puissant lies.

When humbler Alcon leaves his drooping friends,
Pageant nor plume distinguish Alcon's bier;
The faithful Muse with votive song attends,
And blots the mournful numbers with a tear.

He little knew the sly penurious art,
That odious art which Fortune's fav'rites know;
Form'd to bestow, he felt the warmest heart,
But envious Fate forbade him to bestow.

He little knew to ward the secret wound;
He little knew that mortals could ensnare;
Virtue he knew; the noblest joy he found
To sing her glories, and to paint her fair!

Ill was he skill'd to guide his wand'ring sheep,
And unforeseen disaster thinn'd his fold;
Yet at another's loss the swain would weep,
And for his friend his very crook was sold.

Ye sons of Wealth! protect the Muses' train;
From winds protect them, and with food supply;
Ah! helpless they, to ward the threaten'd pain,
The meagre famine, and the wintry sky!

He lov'd a nymph; amidst his slender store
He dar'd to love; and Cynthia was his theme;
He breath'd his plaints along the rocky shore,
They only echo'd o'er the winding stream.

His nymph was fair! the sweetest bud that blows
Revives less lovely from the recent show'r;
So Philomel enamour'd eyes the rose;
Sweet bird! enamour'd of the sweetest flow'r.

He lov'd the Muse; she taught him to complain;
He saw his tim'rous loves on her depend:
He lov'd the Muse, altho' she taught in vain;
He lov'd the Muse, for she was Virtue's friend.

She guides the foot that treads on Parian floors;
She wins the ear when formal pleas are vain;
She tempts Patricians from the fatal doors
Of Vice's brothel forth to Virtue's fane.

He wiſh'd for wealth, for much he wiſh'd to give;
He griev'd that virtue might not wealth obtain:
Piteous of woes, and hopeless to relieve,
The pensive prospect sadden'd all his strain.

I saw him faint! I saw him sink to rest!
Like one ordain'd to swell the vulgar throng;
As tho' the Virtues had not warm'd his breast,
As tho' the Muses not inspir'd his tongue.

I saw his bier ignobly cross the plain;
Saw peasant hands the pious rite supply:
The gen'rous rustics mourn'd the friendly swain,
But Pow'r and Wealth's unvarying cheek was dry!

Such Alcon fell; in meagre want forlorn!
Where were ye then, ye pow'rful Patrons! where?
Would ye the purple ſhould your limbs adorn,
Go waſh the conscious blemiſh with a tear.

ELEGY IV.

Ophelia's Urn. To Mr. G——.

Thro' the dim veil of ev'ning's dusky shade,
Near some lone fane, or yew's funereal green,
What dreary forms has magic Fear survey'd!
What ſhrouded ſpectres Superſtition ſeen!

But you, ſecure, ſhall pour your ſad complaint,
Nor dread the meagre phantom's wan array;
What none but Fear's officious hand can paint,
What none but Superſtition's eye ſurvey.

The glimm'ring twilight and the doubtful dawn
Shall ſee your ſtep to theſe ſad ſcenes return:
Conſtant, as cryſtal dews impearl the lawn,
Shall Strephon's tear bedew Ophelia's urn.

Sure nought unhallow'd ſhall preſume to ſtray
Where ſleep the reliques of that virtuous maid;
Nor aught unlovely bend its devious way
Where ſoft Ophelia's dear remains are laid.

Haply thy Muſe, as with unceaſing ſighs
She keeps late vigils on her urn reclin'd,
May ſee light groups of pleaſing viſions riſe,
And phantoms glide, but of celeſtial kind.

Then Fame, her clarion pendant at her side,
Shall seek forgiveness of Ophelia's shade;
" Why has such worth, without distinction, dy'd ?
" Why, like the desert's lily, bloom'd to fade ?"

Then young Simplicity, averse to feign,
Shall, unmolested breathe her softest sigh,
And Candour with unwonted warmth complain,
And Innocence indulge a wailful cry.

Then Elegance, with coy judicious hand,
Shall cull fresh flow'rets for Ophelia's tomb;
And Beauty chide the Fates' severe command,
That shew'd the frailty of so fair a bloom!

And Fancy then, with wild ungovern'd woe,
Shall her lov'd pupil's native taste explain;
For mournful sable all her hues forego,
And ask sweet solace of the Muse in vain!

Ah! gentle Forms! expect no fond relief;
Too much the sacred Nine their loss deplore:
Well may ye grieve, nor find an end of grief—
Your best, your brightest, fav'rite is no more.

ELEGY V.

He compares the turbulence of love with the tranquillity of friendship. To Melissa his friend.

FROM Love, from angry Love's inclement reign
I pass a while to Friendship's equal skies;
Thou, gen'rous Maid! reliev'st my partial pain,
And cheer'st the victim of another's eyes.

'Tis thou, Melissa, thou deserv'st my care;
How can my will and reason disagree?
How can my passion live beneath despair?
How can my bosom sigh for aught but thee?

Ah! dear Melissa! pleas'd with thee to rove,
My soul has yet surviv'd its dreariest time;
Ill can I bear the various clime of Love!
Love is a pleasing but a various clime.

So smiles immortal Maro's fav'rite shore,
Parthenope, with ev'ry verdure crown'd;
When straight Vesuvio's horrid caldrons roar,
And the dry vapour blasts the regions round.

Oh! blissful regions! oh! unrivall'd plains!
When Maro to these fragrant haunts retir'd!
Oh! fatal realms! and, oh! accurs'd domains!
When Pliny 'mid sulphureous clouds expir'd!

So smiles the surface of the treach'rous main,
As o'er its waves the peaceful halcyons play,
When soon rude winds their wonted rule regain,
And sky and ocean mingle in the fray.

But let or air contend or ocean rave;
E'n hope subside, amid the billows tost;
Hope, still emergent, still contemns the wave,
And not a feature's wonted smile is lost.

ELEGY VI.

To a Lady, on the language of birds.

Come then, Dione, let us range the grove,
The science of the feather'd choirs explore,
Here linnets argue, larks descant of love,
And blame the gloom of solitude no more.

My doubt subsides—'tis no Italian song,
Nor senseless ditty, chears the vernal tree:
Ah! who that hears Dione's tuneful tongue,
Shall doubt that music may with sense agree?

And come, my Muse! that lov'st the sylvan shade,
Evolve the mazes, and the mist dispel;
Translate the song; convince my doubting maid
No solemn dervise can explain so well.—

Pensive beneath the twilight shades I sate,
The slave of hopeless vows and cold disdain!
When Philomel address'd his mournful mate,
And thus I constru'd the mellifluent strain.

"Sing on, my bird!—the liquid notes prolong;
"At ev'ry note a lover sheds his tear;
"Sing on, my bird!—'tis Damon hears thy song,
"Nor doubt to gain applause when lovers hear.

"He the sad source of our complaining knows,
"A foe to Tereus and to lawless love!
"He mourns the story of our ancient woes;
"Ah! could our music his complaint remove!

"Yon' plains are govern'd by a peerless maid;
"And see! pale Cynthia mounts the vaulted sky,
"A train of lovers court the chequer'd shade;
"Sing on, my bird! and hear thy mates reply.

"Erewhile no shepherd to these woods retir'd,
"No lover bless'd the glow-worm's pallid ray;
"But ill-star'd birds that, list'ning, not admir'd,
"Or, list'ning, envy'd our superior lay.

"Cheer'd by the sun, the vassals of his pow'r,
"Let such by day unite their jarring strains,
"But let us chuse the calm, the silent, hour,
"Nor want fit audience while Diene reigns."

ELEGY VII.

He describes his vision to an acquaintance.

Caetera per terras omnes animalia, &c. VIRG.

IMITATION.

All animals beside, o'er all the earth, &c.

On distant heaths, beneath autumnal skies,
Pensive I saw the circling shade descend;
Weary and faint I heard the storm arise,
While the sun vanish'd like a faithless friend.

No kind companion led my steps aright;
No friendly planet lent its glimm'ring ray;
Ev'n the lone cot refus'd its wonted light,
Where Toil in peaceful slumber clos'd the day.

Then the dull Bell had giv'n a pleasing sound;
The village cur 'twere transport then to hear;
In dreadful silence all was hush'd around,
While the rude storm alone distress'd mine ear.

As led by Orwell's winding banks I stray'd,
Where tow'ring Wolsey breath'd his native air,
A sudden lustre chas'd the flitting shade,
The sounding winds were hush'd, and all was fair.

Instant a grateful form appear'd confest;
White were his locks, with awful scarlet crown'd,
And livelier far than Tyrian seem'd his vest,
That with the glowing purple ting'd the ground.

" Stranger!" he said, " amid this pealing rain,
" Benighted, lonesome, whither would'st thou stray?
" Does wealth or pow'r thy weary step constrain?
" Reveal thy wish, and let me point the way.

" For know, I trod the trophy'd paths of pow'r,
" Felt ev'ry joy that fair Ambition brings,
" And left the lonely roof of yonder bow'r
" To stand beneath the canopies of kings.

" I bade low hinds the tow'ring ardour share,
" Nor meanly rose to bless myself alone;
" I snatch'd the shepherd from his fleecy care,
" And bade his wholesome dictate guard the throne.

" Low at my feet the suppliant peer I saw;
" I saw proud empires my decision wait;
" My will was duty, and my word was law,
" My smile was transport, and my frown was fate."

Ah me! said I, nor pow'r I seek, nor gain;
Nor urg'd by hope of fame these toils endure;
A simple youth, that feels a lover's pain,
And from his friends condolence hopes a cure.

He, the dear youth! to whose abodes I roam,
Nor can mine honours nor my fields extend;
Yet for his sake I leave my distant home,
Which oaks embosom, and which hills defend.

Beneath that home I scorn the wintry wind;
The Spring, to shade me, robes her fairest tree;
And if a friend my grass-grown threshold find,
O how my lonely cot resounds with glee!

Yet, tho' averse to gold in heaps amass'd,
I wish to bless, I languish to bestow;
And tho' no friend to Fame's obstrep'rous blast,
Still to her dulcet murmurs not a foe.

Too proud with servile tone to deign address;
Too mean to think that honours are my due;
Yet should some patron yield my stores to bless,
I sure should deem my boundless thanks were few.

But tell me, thou! that like a meteor's fire
Shott'st blazing forth, disdaining dull degrees,
Should I to wealth, to fame, to pow'r, aspire,
Must I not pass more rugged paths than these?

Must I not groan beneath a guilty load,
Praise him I scorn, and him I love betray?
Does not felonious Envy bar the road?
Or falsehood's treach'rous foot beset the way?

Say, should I pass thro' Favour's crowded gate,
Must not fair Truth inglorious wait behind?
Whilst I approach the glitt'ring scenes of state,
My best companion no admittance find?

Nurs'd in the shades by Freedom's lenient care,
Shall I the rigid sway of Fortune own?
Taught by the voice of pious Truth, prepare
To spurn an altar, and adore a throne?

And when proud Fortune's ebbing tide recedes,
And when it leaves me no unshaken friend,
Shall I not weep that e'er I left the meads,
Which oaks embosom, and which hills defend?

Oh! if these ills the price of pow'r advance,
Check not my speed where social joys invite!
The troubled vision cast a mournful glance,
And, sighing, vanish'd in the shades of night.

ELEGY VIII.

He describes his early love of poetry, and its consequences. To Mr. G———, 1745:*

Ah me! what envious magic thins my fold?
What mutter'd spell retards their late increase?
Such less'ning fleeces must the swain behold,
That e'er with Doric pipe essays to please.

* N. B. Written after the death of Mr. Pope.

I saw my friends in ev'ning circles meet;
I took my vocal reed, and tun'd my lay;
I heard them say my vocal reed was sweet:
Ah, fool! to credit what I heard them say.

Ill-fated Bard! that seeks his skill to show,
Then courts the judgment of a friendly ear;
Not the poor vet'ran, that permits his foe
To guide his doubtful step, has more to fear.

Nor could my G——— mistake the critic's laws,
Till pious Friendship mark'd the pleasing way:
Welcome such error! ever bless'd the cause!
Ev'n tho' it led me boundless leagues astray.

Could'st thou reprove me, when I nurs'd the flame
On list'ning Cherwell's osier banks reclin'd?
While foe to Fortune, unseduc'd by Fame,
I sooth'd the bias of a careless mind.

Youth's gentle kindred, Health and Love, were met:
What tho' in Alma's guardian arms I play'd:
How shall the Muse those vacant hours forget?
Or deem that bliss by solid cares repaid?

Thou know'st how transport thrills the tender breast
Where Love and Fancy fix their op'ning reign;
How Nature shines, in livelier colours drest,
To bless their union, and to grace their train.

So first when Phœbus met the Cyprian queen,
And favour'd Rhodes beheld their passion crown'd,
Unusual flow'rs enrich'd the painted green,
And swift spontaneous roses blush'd around.

Now sadly lorn, from Twitnam's widow'd bow'r
The drooping Muses take their casual way,
And where they stop a flood of tears they pour,
And where they weep no more the fields are gay.

Where is the dappled pink, the sprightly rose?
The cowslip's golden cup no more I see:
Dark and discolour'd ev'ry flow'r that blows,
To form the garland, Elegy! for thee—

Enough of tears has wept the virtuous dead;
Ah! might we now the pious rage control!
Hush'd be my grief ere ev'ry smile be fled,
Ere the deep-swelling sigh subvert the soul!

If near some trophy spring a stripling bay,
Pleas'd we behold the graceful umbrage rise,
But soon too deep it works its baneful way,
And low on earth the prostrate ruin lies*.

* Alludes to what is reported of the bay-tree, that if it is planted too near the walls of an edifice, its roots will work their way underneath, till they destroy the foundation.

ELEGY IX.

He describes his disinterestedness to a friend.

I ne'er must singe my lip with Celtic wines;
The pomp of India must I ne'er display;
Nor boast the produce of Peruvian mines,
Nor with Italian sounds deceive the day.

Down yonder brook my crystal bev'rage flows;
My grateful sheep their annual fleeces bring;
Fair in my garden buds the damask rose,
And from my grove I hear the throstle sing.

My fellow swains! avert your dazzled eyes;
In vain allur'd by glitt'ring spoils they rove;
The Fates ne'er meant them for the shepherd's prize,
Yet gave them ample recompense in love.

They gave you vigour from your parents' veins;
They gave you toils; but toils your sinews brace;
They gave you nymphs that own their am'rous pains,
And shades, the refuge of the gentle race.

To carve your loves, to paint your mutual flames,
See! polish'd fair, the beech's friendly rind!
To sing soft carols to your lovely dames,
See vocal grots, and echoing vales assign'd!

Wouldst thou, my Strephon! Love's delighted slave,
Tho' sure the wreaths of chivalry to share,
Forego the ribbon thy Matilda gave,
And, giving, bade thee in remembrance wear?

Ill fare my peace, but ev'ry idle toy,
If to my mind my Delia's form it brings,
Has truer worth, imparts sincerer joy,
Than all that bears the radiant stamp of kings.

O my soul weeps, my breast with anguish bleeds,
When Love deplores the tyrant pow'r of Gain!
Disdaining riches as the futile weeds,
I rise superior, and the rich disdain.

Oft' from the stream, slow-wand'ring down the glade,
Pensive I hear the nuptial peal rebound;
"Some miser weds," I cry, "the captive maid,
"And some fond lover sickens at the sound."

Not Somerville, the Muse's friend of old,
Tho' now exalted to yon' ambient sky,
So shunn'd a soul distain'd with earth and gold,
So lov'd the pure, the gen'rous breast, as I.

Scorn'd be the wretch that quits his genial bowl,
His loves, his friendships, ev'n his self, resigns;
Perverts the sacred instinct of his soul,
And to a ducat's dirty sphere confines.

But come, my Friend! with taste, with science, blest,
Ere age impair me, and ere gold allure;
Restore thy dear idea to my breast,
The rich deposit shall the shrine secure.

Let others toil to gain the sordid ore,
The charms of independence let us sing;
Bless'd with thy friendship, can I wish for more?
I'll spurn the boasted wealth of Lydia's king*.

ELEGY X.

To Fortune, suggesting his motive for repining at her dispensations.

Ask not the cause why this rebellious tongue
Loads with fresh curses thy detested sway;
Ask not, thus branded in my softest song,
Why stands the flatter'd name which all obey?

'Tis not that in my shed I lurk forlorn,
Nor see my roof on Parian columns rise;
That on this breast no mimic star is borne,
Rever'd, ah! more than those that light the skies.

'Tis not that on the turf supinely laid,
I sing or pipe, but to the flocks that graze;
And, all inglorious, in the lonesome shade
My finger stiffens, and my voice decays.

* Crœsus.

Not that my fancy mourns thy stern command,
When many an embryo dome is lost in air;
While guardian Prudence checks my eager hand,
And ere the turf is broken, cries, "Forbear:

"Forbear, vain Youth! be cautious, weigh thy gold,
"Nor let yon' rising column more aspire;
"Ah! better dwell in ruins than behold
"Thy fortunes mould'ring, and thy domes entire.

"Honorio built, but dar'd my laws defy;
"He planted, scornful of my sage commands;
"The peach's vernal bud regal'd his eye,
"The fruitage ripen'd for more frugal hands."

See the small stream that pours its murm'ring tide
O'er some rough rock that would its wealth display,
Displays it aught but penury and pride?
Ah! construe wisely what such murmurs say.

How would some flood, with ampler treasures blest,
Disdainful view the scantling drops distil!
How must Velino* shake his reedy crest!
How ev'ry cygnet mock the boastive rill!

Fortune! I yield; and see, I give the sign;
At noon the poor mechanic, wanders home,
Collects the square, the level, and the line,
And with retorted eye forsakes the dome.

* A river in Italy, that falls 100 yards perpendicular.

Yes, I can patient view the shadeless plains;
Can unrepining leave the rising wall;
Check the fond love of art that fir'd my veins,
And my warm hopes in full pursuit recall.

Descend, ye Storms! destroy my rising pile;
Loos'd be the whirlwind's unremitting sway;
Contented I, altho' the gazer smile,
To see it scarce survive a winter's day.

Let some dull dotard bask in thy gay shrine,
As in the sun regales his wanton herd;
Guiltless of envy, why should I repine
That his rude voice, his grating reed's, preferr'd?

Let him exult, with boundless wealth supply'd,
Mine and the swain's reluctant homage share;
But, ah! his tawdry shepherdess's pride,
Gods! must my Delia, must my Delia bear?

Must Delia's softness, elegance, and ease,
Submit to Marian's dress? to Marian's gold?
Must Marian's robe from distant India please?
The simple fleece my Delia's limbs enfold?

"Yet sure on Delia seems the russet fair;
"Ye glitt'ring daughters of Disguise, adieu!"
So talk the wise, who judge of shape and air,
But will the rural Thane decide so true?

Ah! what is native worth esteem'd of clowns?
'Tis thy false glare, O Fortune! thine they see;
'Tis for my Delia's sake I dread thy frowns,
And my last gasp shall curses breathe on thee.

ELEGY XI.

He complains how soon the pleasing novelty of life is over.
To Mr. J———.

Ah me! my Friend! it will not, will not last!
This fairy scene that cheats our youthful eyes;
The charm dissolves: th' aërial music's past;
The banquet ceases, and the vision flies.

Where are the splendid forms, the rich perfumes,
Where the gay tapers, where the spacious dome?
Vanish'd the costly pearls, the crimson plumes,
And we, delightless, left to wander home!

Vain now are books, the sage's wisdom vain!
What has the world to bribe our steps astray?
Ere Reason learns by study'd laws to reign,
The weaken'd passions, self-subdu'd, obey.

Scarce has the sun sev'n annual courses roll'd,
Scarce shewn the whole that Fortune can supply,
Since not the miser so caress'd his gold
As I, for what it gave, was heard to sigh.

On the world's stage I wish'd some sprightly part,
To deck my native fleece with tawdry lace!
'Twas life, 'twas taste, and—oh! my foolish heart!
Substantial joy was fix'd in pow'r and place.

And you, ye works of Art! allur'd mine eye,
The breathing picture and the living stone:
"Tho' gold, tho' splendour, Heav'n and Fate deny,
"Yet might I call one Titian stroke my own?"

Smit with the charms of Fame, whose lovely spoil,
The wreath, the garland, fire the poet's pride,
I trimm'd my lamp, consum'd the midnight oil—
But soon the paths of health and fame divide!

Oft', too, I pray'd, 'twas Nature form'd the pray'r,
To grace my native scenes, my rural home;
To see my trees express their planter's care,
And gay, on Attic models, raise my dome.

But now 'tis o'er, the dear delusion's o'er!
A stagnant breezeless air becalms my soul;
A fond aspiring candidate no more,
I scorn the palm before I reach the goal.

O Youth! enchanting stage, profusely bless'd!
Bliss ev'n obtrusive courts the frolic mind;
Of health neglectful, yet by health caress'd,
Careless of favour, yet secure to find.

Then glows the breast, as op'ning roses fair;
More free, more vivid, than the linnet's wing;
Honest as light, transparent ev'n as air,
Tender as buds, and lavish as the spring.

Not all the force of manhood's active might,
Not all the craft to subtle age assign'd,
Not science shall extort that dear delight,
Which gay delusion gave the tender mind.

Adieu, soft raptures! transports void of care!
Parent of raptures, dear Deceit! adieu;
And you, her daughters, pining with despair,
Why, why so soon her fleeting steps pursue!

Tedious again to curse the drizzling day!
Again to trace the wint'ry tracts of snow!
Or, sooth'd by vernal airs, again survey
The self-same hawthorns bud, and cowslips blow!

O Life! how soon of ev'ry bliss forlorn!
We start false joys, and urge the devious race;
A tender prey; that cheers our youthful morn,
Then sinks untimely, and defrauds the chase.

ELEGY XII.

His Recantation.

No more the Muse obtrudes her thin disguise,
No more with awkward fallacy complains
How ev'ry fervour from my bosom flies,
And reason in her loathsome palace reigns.

Ere the chill winter of our days arrive,
No more she paints the breast from passion free;
I feel, I feel one loit'ring wish survive—
Ah! need I, Florio, name that wish to thee?

The star of Venus ushers in the day,
The first, the loveliest of the train that shine!
The star of Venus lends her brightest ray,
When other stars their friendly beams resign.

Still in my breast one soft desire remains,
Pure as that star, from guilt, from int'rest, free;
Has gentle Delia tripp'd across the plains,
And need I, Florio, name that wish to thee?

While, clog'd to find the scenes of life the same,
I tune with careless hand, my languid lays,
Some secret impulse wakes my former flame,
And fires my strain with hopes of brighter days.

I slept not long beneath yon' rural bow'rs,
And, lo! my crook with flow'rs adorn'd I see;
Has gentle Delia bound my crook with flow'rs,
And need I, Florio, name my hopes to thee?

ELEGY XIII.

To a friend, on some slight occasion estranged from him.

Health to my friend, and many a cheerful day!
Around his seat may peaceful shades abide!
Smooth flow the minutes, fraught with smiles, away,
And till they crown our union gently glide!

Ah me! too swiftly fleets our vernal bloom!
Lost to our wonted friendship, lost to joy!
Soon may thy breast the cordial wish resume,
Ere wintry doubt its tender warmth destroy!

Say, were it ours, by Fortune's wild command,
By chance to meet beneath the Torrid Zone,
Wouldst thou reject thy Damon's plighted hand?
Wouldst thou with scorn thy once-lov'd friend disown?

Life is that stranger land, that alien clime;
Shall kindred souls forego their social claim?
Launch'd in the vast abyss of space and time,
Shall dark suspicion quench the gen'rous flame?

Myriads of souls, that knew one parent mould,
See sadly sever'd by the laws of Chance!
Miriads, in Time's perennial list enroll'd,
Forbid by Fate to change one tranſient glance!

But we have met—where ills of ev'ry form,
Where passions rage, and hurricanes descend;
Say, shall we nurse the rage, assist the storm,
And guide them to the bosom—of a friend?

Yes, we have met—thro' rapine, fraud, and wrong:
Might our joint aid the paths of peace explore!
Why leave thy friend amid the boist'rous throng,
Ere death divide us, and we part no more?

For, oh! pale Sickness warns thy friend away;
For me no more the vernal roses bloom!
I see stern Fate his ebon wand display,
And point the wither'd regions of the tomb.

Then the keen anguish from thine eye shall start,
Sad as thou follow'st my untimely bier;
"Fool that I was—if friends so soon must part,
"To let suspicion intermix a fear."

ELEGY XIV.

Declining an invitation to visit foreign countries, he takes occasion to intimate the advantages of his own. To Lord Temple.

WHILE others, lost to friendship, lost to love,
Waste their best minutes on a foreign strand,
Be mine with British nymph or swain to rove,
And court the Genius of my native land.

Deluded Youth! that quits these verdant plains,
To catch the follies of an alien soil!
To win the vice his genuine soul disdains,
Return exultant, and import the spoil!

In vain he boasts of his detested prize;
No more it blooms, to British climes convey'd;
Cramp'd by the impulse of ungenial skies,
See its fresh vigour in a moment fade!

Th' exotic folly knows its native clime,
An awkward stranger, if we waft it o'er;
Why then these toils, this costly waste of time,
To spread soft poison on our happy shore?

I covet not the pride of foreign looms;
In search of foreign modes I scorn to rove;
Nor for the worthless bird of brighter plumes
Would change the meanest warbler of my grove.

No distant clime shall servile airs impart,
Or form these limbs with pliant ease to play;
Trembling I view the Gaul's illusive art
That steals my lov'd rusticity away.

'Tis long since Freedom fled th' Hesperian clime,
Her citron groves, her flow'r-embroider'd shore;
She saw the British oak aspire sublime,
And soft Campania's olive charms no more.

Let partial suns mature the western mine,
To shed its lustre o'er th' Iberian maid;
Mien, beauty, shape, O native soil! are thine;
Thy peerless daughters ask no foreign aid.

Let Ceylon's envy'd plant * perfume the seas,
Till torn to season the Batavian bowl;
Ours is the breast whose genuine ardours please,
Nor need a drug to meliorate the soul.

Let the proud Soldan wound th' Arcadian groves,
Or with rude lips th' Aonian fount profane;
The Muse no more by flow'ry Ladon roves,
She seeks her Thomson on the British plain.

Tell not of realms by ruthless war dismay'd;
Ah! hapless realms! that war's oppression feel!
In vain may Austria boast her Noric blade,
If Austria bleed beneath her boasted steel.

* The cinnamon.

Beneath her palm Idume vents her moan;
Raptur'd, she once beheld its friendly shade;
And hoary Memphis boasts her tombs alone,
The mournful types of mighty pow'r decay'd!

No Creſcent here displays its baneful horns;
No turban'd hoſt the voice of Truth reproves;
Learning's free source the sage's breast adorns,
And poets, not inglorious, chant their loves.

Boast, favour'd Media! boaſt thy flow'ry stores;
Thy thousand hues by chymic suns refin'd;
'Tis not the dress or mien my soul adores,
'Tis the rich beauties of Britannia's mind.

While Grenville's* breast could virtue's ſtores afford,
What envy'd flota bore so fair a freight?
The mine compar'd in vain its latent hoard,
The gem its lustre, and the gold its weight.

Thee, Grenville! thee, with calmest courage fraught!
Thee, the lov'd image of thy native shore!
Thee, by the Virtues arm'd, the Graces taught!
When shall we cease to boast or to deplore?

Presumptuous War, which could thy life destroy,
What shall it now in recompense decree?
While friends that merit ev'ry earthly joy
Feel ev'ry anguish; feel—the loss of thee!

* Written about the time of Captain Grenville's death.

Bid me no more a servile realm compare,
No more the Muse of partial praise arraign;
Britannia sees no foreign breast so fair,
And if she glory, glories not in vain.

ELEGY XV.

In memory of a private family in Worcestershire.*

From a lone tow'r with rev'rend ivy crown'd,
The pealing bell awak'd a tender sigh:
Still as the village caught the waving sound,
A swelling tear distream'd from ev'ry eye.

So droop'd, I ween, each Briton's breast of old,
When the dull curfew spoke their freedom fled;
For, sighing as the mournful accent roll'd,
"Our hope," they cry'd, "our kind support is dead!"

'Twas good Palemon—Near a shaded pool,
A group of ancient elms umbrageous rose;
The flocking rooks, by instinct's native rule,
This peaceful scene for their aslyum chose.

A few small spires, to Gothic fancy fair,
Amid the shades emerging struck the view;
'Twas here his youth respir'd its earliest air;
'Twas here his age breath'd out its last adieu.

* The Penns, of Harborough; a place whose name in the Saxon language alludes to an army: and there is a tradition that there was a battle fought on the Downs adjoining, betwixt the Britons and the Romans.

One favour'd son engag'd his tend'rest care;
One pious youth his whole affection crown'd;
In his young breast the virtues sprung so fair,
Such charms display'd, such sweets diffus'd around.

But whilst gay transport in his face appears,
A noxious vapour clogs the poison'd sky,
Blasts the fair crop—the sire is drown'd in tears,
And, scarce surviving, sees his Cynthio die!

O'er the pale corse we saw him gently bend;
Heart-chill'd with grief—"My thread," he cry'd, "is spun!
"If Heav'n had meant I should my life extend,
"Heav'n had preserv'd my life's support, my son.

"Snatch'd in thy prime! alas! the stroke were mild,
"Had my frail form obey'd the Fates' decree!
"Bless'd were my lot, O Cynthio! O my child!
"Had Heav'n so pleas'd, and I had dy'd for thee!"

Five sleepless nights he stemm'd this tide of woes;
Five irksome suns he saw, thro' tears, forlorn!
On his pale corse the sixth sad morning rose;
From yonder dome the mournful bier was borne.

'Twas on those *Downs, by Roman hosts annoy'd,
Fought our bold fathers, rustic, unrefin'd!
Freedom's plain sons, in martial cares employ'd!
They ting'd their bodies, but unmask'd their mind.

* Harborough Downs.

'Twas there, in happier times, this virtuous race,
Of milder merit, fix'd their calm retreat;
War's deadly crimson had forsook the place,
And Freedom fondly lov'd the chosen seat.

No wild ambition fir'd their tranquil breast,
To swell with empty sounds a spotless name;
If fost'ring skies, the sun, the show'r, were blest,
Their bounty spread; their fields' extent the same.

Those fields, profuse of raiment, food, and fire,
They scorn'd to lessen, careless to extend;
Bade Luxury to lavish courts aspire,
And Avarice to city breasts descend.

None to a virgin's mind preferr'd her dow'r,
To fire with vicious hopes a modest heir:
The sire, in place of titles, wealth, or pow'r,
Assign'd him virtue; and his lot was fair.

They spoke of Fortune as some doubtful dame,
That sway'd the natives of a distant sphere;
From Lucre's vagrant sons had learn'd her fame,
But never wish'd to place her banners here.

Here youth's free spirit, innocently gay,
Enjoy'd the most that Innocence can give;
Those wholesome sweets that border Virtue's way;
Those cooling fruits, that we may taste and live.

Their board no strange ambiguous viand bore;
From their own streams their choicer fare they drew;
To lure the scaly glutton to the shore,
The sole deceit their artless bosom knew!

Sincere themselves, ah! too secure to find
The common bosom, like their own, sincere!
'Tis its own guilt alarms the jealous mind;
'Tis her own poison bids the viper fear.

Sketch'd on the lattice of th' adjacent fane,
Their suppliant busts implore the reader's pray'r:
Ah! gentle souls! enjoy your blissful reign,
And let frail mortals claim your guardian care.

For sure to blissful realms the souls are flown
That never flatter'd, injur'd, censur'd, strove;
The friends of Science! music all their own;
Music, the voice of Virtue and of Love!

The journeying peasant, thro' the secret shade
Heard their soft lyres engage their list'ning ear,
And haply deem'd some courteous angel play'd;
No angel play'd—but might with transport hear.

For these the sounds that chase unholy Strife!
Solve Envy's charm, Ambition's wretch release!
Raise him to spurn the radiant ills of life,
To pity pomp, to be content with peace.

Farewell, pure Spirits! vain the praise we give,
The praise you sought from lips angelic flows;
Farewell! the virtues which deserve to live,
Deserve an ampler bliss than life bestows.

Last of his race, Palemon, now no more
The modest merit of his line display'd;
Then pious Hough Vigornia's mitre wore—
Soft sleep the dust of each deserving shade.

ELEGY XVI.

He suggests the advantages of birth to a person of merit, and the folly of a superciliousness that is built upon that sole foundation.

When genius, grac'd with lineal splendour, glows,
When title shines, with ambient virtues crown'd,
Like some fair almond's flow'ry pomp it shows,
The pride, the perfume, of the regions round.

Then learn, ye Fair! to soften splendour's ray;
Endure the swain, the youth of low degree;
Let meekness join'd its temp'rate beam display;
'Tis the mild verdure that endears the tree.

Pity the scandal'd swain, the shepherd's boy;
He sighs to brighten a neglected name;
Foe to the dull appulse of vulgar joy,
He mourns his lot; he wishes, merits fame.

In vain to groves and pathless vales we fly ;
Ambition there the bow'ry haunt invades ;
Fame's awful rays fatigue the courtier's eye,
But gleam still lovely thro' the chequer'd shades.

Vainly to guard from Love's unequal chain,
Has Fortune rear'd us in the rural grove ;
Should ****'s eyes illume the desert plain,
Ev'n I may wonder, and ev'n I must love.

Nor unregarded sighs the lowly hind ;
Tho' you contemn, the gods respect his vow ;
Vindictive rage awaits the scornful mind,
And vengeance, too severe ! the gods allow.

On Sarum's plain I met a wand'ring fair ;
The look of sorrow, lovely still, she bore ;
Loose flow'd the soft redundance of her hair,
And on her brow a flow'ry wreath she wore.

Oft' stooping as she stray'd, she cull'd the pride
Of ev'ry plain ; she pillag'd ev'ry grove !
The fading chaplet daily she supply'd,
And still her hand some various garland wove.

Erroneous Fancy shap'd her wild attire ;
From Bethlem's walls the poor lympatic stray'd ;
Seem'd with her air her accent to conspire,
When as wild Fancy taught her, thus she said ;

"Hear me, dear Youth! oh! hear an hapless maid,
"Sprung from the sceptred line of ancient kings!
"Scorn'd by the world, I ask thy tender aid;
"Thy gentle voice shall whisper kinder things.

"The world is frantic—fly the race profane—
"Nor I nor you shall its compassion move;
"Come, friendly let us wander and complain,
"And tell me, Shepherd! hast thou seen my love?

"My love is young—but other loves are young;
"And other loves are fair, and so is mine;
"An air divine discloses whence he sprung;
"He is my love who boasts that air divine.

"No vulgar Damon robs me of my rest;
"Ianthe listens to no vulgar vow;
"A prince, from gods descended, fires her breast;
"A brilliant crown distinguishes his brow.

"What, shall I stain the glories of my race,
"More clear, more lovely bright, than Hesper's beam?
"The porc'lain pure with vulgar dirt debase?
"Or mix with puddle the pellucid stream?

"See thro' these veins the sapphire current shine!
"'Twas Jove's own nectar gave th' ethereal hue:
"Can base plebeian forms contend with mine,
"Display the lovely white, or match the blue?

“ The painter strove to trace its azure ray;
“ He chang'd his colours, and in vain he strove:
“ He frown'd—I, smiling, view'd the faint essay:
“ Poor youth! he little knew it flow'd from Jove.

“ Pitying his toil, the wond'rous truth I told,
“ How am'rous Jove trepann'd a mortal fair:
“ How thro' the race the gen'rous current roll'd,
“ And mocks the poet's art and painter's care.

“ Yes, from the gods from earliest Saturn, sprung
“ Our sacred race, thro' demigods convey'd;
“ And he ally'd, to Phœbus, ever young,
“ My godlike boy! must wed their duteous maid.

“ Oft', when a mortal vow profanes my ear,
“ My sire's dread fury murmurs thro' the sky;
“ And should I yield—his instant rage appears;
“ He darts th' uplifted vengeance—and I die.

“ Have you not heard unwonted thunders roll?
“ Have you not seen more horrid lightnings glare?
“ 'Twas then a vulgar love ensnar'd my soul;
“ 'Twas then—I hardly 'scap'd the fatal snare.

“ 'Twas then a peasant pour'd his am'rous vow,
“ All as I listen'd to his vulgar strain:—
“ Yet such his beauty—would my birth allow,
“ Dear were the youth, and blissful were the plain.

" But oh! I faint! why wastes my vernal bloom,
" In fruitless searches ever doom'd to rove?
" My nightly dreams the toilsome path resume,
" And shall I die—before I find my love?

" When last I slept, methought my ravish'd eye
" On distant heaths his radiant form survey'd;
" Tho' night's thick clouds encompass'd all the sky,
" The gems that bound his brow dispell'd the shade.

" O how this bosom kindled at the sight!
" Led by their beams I urg'd the pleasing chase,
" Till on a sudden these withheld their light—
" All, all things envy the sublime embrace.

" But now no more—Behind the distant grove
" Wanders my destin'd youth, and chides my stay:
" See, see! he grasps the steel—Forbear, my Love—
" Ianthe comes; thy princess hastes away."

Scornful she spoke, and, heedless of reply,
The lovely maniac bounded o'er the plain,
The piteous victim of an angry sky!
Ah me! the victim of her proud disdain.

ELEGY XVII.

He indulges the suggestions of spleen: an Elegy to the winds.

Aeole! namque tibi divum Pater atque hominum rex,
Et mulcere dedit mentes et tollere vento.

IMITATION.

O Aeolus! to thee the Sire supreme
Of gods and men the mighty pow'r bequeath'd
To rouse or to assuage the human mind.

STERN Monarch of the winds! admit my pray'r;
A while thy fury check, thy storms confine;
No trivial blast impels the passive air,
But brews a tempest in a breast like mine.

What bands of black ideas spread their wings!
The peaceful regions of Content invade!
With deadly poison taint the crystal springs!
With noisome vapour blast the verdant shade!

I know their leader, Spleen, and the dread sway
Of rigid Eurus, his detested sire;
Thro' one my blossoms and my fruits decay;
Thro' one my pleasures and my hopes expire.

Like some pale stripling, when his icy way,
Relenting, yields beneath the noontide beam,
I stand aghast, and, chill'd with fear, survey
How far I've tempted life's deceitful stream.

Where, by remorse impell'd, repuls'd by fears,
Shall wretched Fancy a retreat explore?
She flies the sad presage of coming years,
And sorr'wing dwells on pleasures now no more.

Again with patrons and with friends she roves,
But friends and patrons never to return;
She sees the Nymphs, the Graces, and the Loves,
But sees them weeping o'er Lucinda's urn.

She visits, Isis! thy forsaken stream,
Oh! ill forsaken for Bœotian air;
She deems no flood reflects so bright a beam,
No reed so verdant, and no flow'rs so fair.

She deems beneath thy sacred shades were peace,
Thy bays might ev'n the civil storm repel;
Reviews thy social bliss, thy learned ease,
And with no cheerful accent cries Farewell!

Farewell, with whom to these retreats I stray'd,
By youthful sports, by youthful toils, ally'd;
Joyous we sojourn'd in thy circling shade,
And wept to find the paths of life divide.

She paints the progress of my rival's vow,
Sees ev'ry Muse a partial ear incline,
Binds with luxuriant bays his favour'd brow,
Nor yields the refuse of his wreath to mine.

She bids the flatt'ring mirror, form'd to please,
Now blast my hope, now vindicate despair;
Bids my fond verse the love-sick parley cease,
Accuse my rigid fate, acquit my fair.

Where circling rocks defend some pathless vale,
Superfluous mortal! let me ever rove;
Alas! there Echo will repeat the tale—
Where shall I find the silent scenes I love?

Fain would I mourn my luckless fate alone,
Forbid to please, yet fated to admire;
Away, my friends! my sorrows are my own;
Why should I breathe around my sick desire?

Bear me, ye Winds! indulgent to my pains,
Near some sad ruin's ghastly shade to dwell;
There let me fondly eye the rude remains,
And from the mould'ring refuse build my cell.

Genius of Rome! thy prostrate pomp display,
Trace ev'ry dismal proof of Fortune's pow'r;
Let me the wreck of theatres survey,
Or pensive sit beneath some nodding tow'r.

Or where some duct, by rolling seasons worn,
Convey'd pure streams to Rome's imperial wall,
Near the wide breach in silence let me mourn,
Or tune my dirges to the water's fall.

Genius of Carthage! paint thy ruin'd pride;
Tow'rs, arches, fanes, in wild confusion strown;
Let banish'd Marius*, low'ring by thy side,
Compare thy fickle fortunes with his own.

Ah no! thou Monarch of the storms! forbear;
My trembling nerves abhor thy rude control,
And scarce a pleasing twilight sooths my care,
Ere one vast death, like darkness, shocks my soul.

Forbear thy rage—on no perennial base
Is built frail Fear, or Hope's deceitful pile;
My pains are fled—my joy resumes it place,
Should the sky brighten, or Melissa smile.

"* Inopemque vitam in tugurio ruinarum Carthaginensium tole-
"ravit, cum Marius inspiciens Carthaginem, illa intuens Marium, al-
"ter alteri possent esse solatio." *Liv.*

EXPLANATION.

Marius endured a life of poverty under shelter of the Carthaginian ruins; and while he contemplated Carthage, and Carthage beheld him, they might be said mutually to resemble and account for each other.

ELEGY XVIII.

He repeats the song of Colin, a discerning shepherd, lamenting the state of the woollen manufactory.

Ergo omni studio glaciem ventosque nivales,
Quo minus est illis curae mortalis egestas,
Avertes: victumque feres. VIRG.

IMITATION.

Thou, therefore in proportion to their lack
Of human aid, with all thy care defend
From frozen seasons and inclement blasts,
And give them timely food.

NEAR Avon's bank, on Arden's flow'ry plain,
A tuneful shepherd * charm'd the list'ning wave,
And sunny Cotsol' fondly lov'd the strain,
Yet not a garland crowns the shepherd's grave!

Oh! lost Ophelia! smoothly flow'd the day,
To feel his music with my flames agree,
To taste the beauties of his melting lay,
To taste, and fancy it was dear to thee.

When for his tomb, with each revolving year,
I steal the musk-rose from the scented brake,
I strew my cowslips, and I pay my tear,
I'll add the myrtle for Ophelia's sake.

* Mr Somerville.

Shiv'ring beneath a leafless thorn he lay,
When Death's chill rigour seiz'd his flowing tongue;
The more I found his falt'ring notes decay,
The more prophetic truth sublim'd the song.

"Adieu, my Flocks!" he said, "my wonted care,
"By sunny mountain or by verdant shore;
"May some more happy hand your fold prepare,
"And may you need your Colin's crook no more!

"And you, ye Shepherds! lead my gentle sheep,
"To breezy hills or leafy shelters lead;
"But if the sky with show'rs incessant weep,
"Avoid the putrid moisture of the mead.

"Where the wild thyme perfumes the purpled heath,
"Long loit'ring, there your fleecy tribes extend—
"But what avails the maxims I bequeath?
"The fruitless gift of an officious friend!

"Ah! what avails the tim'rous lambs to guard,
"Tho' nightly cares with daily labours join,
"If foreign sloth obtain the rich reward,
"If Gallia's craft the pond'rous fleece purloin?

"Was it for this, by constant vigils worn,
"I met the terrors of an early grave?
"For this I led 'em from the pointed thorn?
"For this I bath'd 'em in the lucid wave?

"Ah! heedless Albion! too benignly prone
"Thy blood to lavish and thy wealth resign!
"Shall ev'ry other virtue grace thy throne,
"But quick-ey'd Prudence never yet be thine?

"From the fair natives of this peerless hill
"Thou gav'st the sheep that browze Iberian plains;
"Their plaintive cries the faithless region fill,
"Their fleece adorns an haughty foe's domains.

"Ill-fated flocks! from cliff to cliff they stray;
"Far from their dams, their native guardians, far!
"Where the soft shepherd, all the livelong day,
"Chants his proud mistress to his hoarse guittar.

"But Albion's youth her native fleece despise;
"Unmov'd they hear the pining shepherd's moan;
"In silky folds each nervous limb disguise,
"Allur'd by ev'ry treasure but their own.

"Oft' have I hurry'd down the rocky steep,
"Anxious to see the wintry tempest drive;
"Preserve," said I, "preserve your fleece, my Sheep!
"Ere long will Phillis, will my love, arrive.

"Ere long she came: ah! woe is me! she came,
"Rob'd in the Gallic loom's extraneous twine;
"For gifts like these they give their spotless fame,
"Resign their bloom, their innocence resign.

"Will no bright maid, by worth, by titles, known,
"Give the rich growth of British hills to Fame?
"And let her charms, and her example, own
"That Virtue's dress and Beauty's are the same?

"Will no fam'd chief support this gen'rous maid?
"Once more the patriot's arduous path resume?
"And, comely from his native plains array'd,
"Speak future glory to the British loom?

"What pow'r unseen my ravish'd fancy fires?
"I pierce the dreary shade of future days;
"Sure 'tis the genius of the land inspires,
"To breathe my latest breath in * * * praise.

"O might my breath for * * * praise suffice,
"How gently should my dying limbs repose!
"O might his future glory bless mine eyes,
"My ravish'd eyes! how calmly would they close!

"* * * was born to spread the gen'ral joy;
"By virtue rapt, by party uncontroll'd;
"Britons for Britain shall the crook employ;
"Britons for Britain's glory shear the fold."

ELEGY XIX.

Written in Spring, 1743.

AGAIN the lab'ring hind inverts the soil;
Again the merchant ploughs the tumid wave;
Another spring renews the soldier's toil,
And finds me vacant in the rural cave.

As the soft lyre display'd my wonted loves,
The pensive pleasure and the tender pain,
The sordid Alpheus hurry'd thro' my groves,
Yet stopp'd to vent the dictates of disdain.

He glanc'd contemptuous o'er my ruin'd fold;
He blam'd the graces of my fav'rite bow'r;
My breast, unsully'd by the lust of gold;
My time, unlavish'd in pursuit of pow'r.

Yes, Alpheus! fly the purer paths of Fate;
Abjure these scenes, from venal passions free;
Know in this grove I vow'd perpetual hate,
War, endless war, with lucre and with thee.

Here, nobly zealous, in my youthful hours
I dress'd an altar to Thalia's name;
Here, as I crown'd the verdant shrine with flow'rs,
Soft on my labours stole the smiling dame.

"Damon," she cry'd, "if pleas'd with honest praise,
"Thou court success by virtue or by song,
"Fly the false dictates of the venal race,
"Fly the gross accents of the venal tongue.

"Swear that no lucre shall thy zeal betray?
"Swerve not thy foot with Fortune's vot'ries more;
"Brand thou their lives, and brand their lifeless day--"
The winning phantom urg'd me, and I swore.

Forth from the rustic altar swift I stray'd,
"Aid my firm purpose, ye celestial Pow'rs!
"Aid me to quell the sordid breast," I said;
And threw my jav'lin tow'rds their hostile tow'rs*.

Think not regretful I survey the deed,
Or added years no more the zeal allow;
Still, still observant, to the grove I speed,
The shrine embellish, and repeat the vow.

Sworn, from his cradle Rome's relentless foe,
Such gen'rous hate the Punic champion † bore;
Thy lake, O Thrasimene! beheld it glow,
And Cannæ's walls and Trebia's crimson shore.

But let grave annals paint the warrior's fame;
Fair shine his arms in history enroll'd;
Whilst humbler lyres his civil worth proclaim,
His nobler hate of avarice and gold.——

* The Roman ceremony in declaring war. † Hannibal.

Now Punic pride its final eve survey'd,
Its hosts exhausted, and its fleets on fire;
Patient the victor's lurid frown obey'd,
And saw th' unwilling elephants retire.

But when their gold depress'd the yielding scale,
Their gold in pyramidic plenty pil'd,
He saw th' unutterable grief prevail;
He saw their tears, and in his fury smil'd.

" Think not," he cry'd, " ye view the smiles of ease,
" Or this firm breast disclaims a patriot's pain;
" I smile, but from a soul estrang'd to peace,
" Frantic with grief, delirious with disdain.

" But were it cordial, this detested smile,
" Seems it less timely than the grief ye show?
" O sons of Carthage! grant me to revile
" The sordid source of your indecent woe.

" Why weep ye now? ye saw with tearless eye
" When your fleet perish'd on the Punic wave;
" Where lurk'd the coward tear, the lazy sigh,
" When Tyre's imperial state commenc'd a slave?

" 'Tis past—O Carthage! vanquish'd, honour'd shade!
" Go, the mean sorrows of thy sons deplore;
" Had Freedom shar'd the vow to Fortune paid,
" She ne'er, like Fortune, had forsook thy shore."

He ceas'd—Abash'd the conscious audience hear,
Their pallid cheeks a crimson blush unfold,
Yet o'er that virtuous blush distreams a tear,
And falling, moistens their abandon'd gold*.

ELEGY XX.

He compares his humble fortune with the distress of others, and his subjection to Delia with the miserable servitude of an African slave.

Why droops this heart with fancy'd woes forlorn?
Why sinks my soul beneath each wintry sky?
What pensive crowds, by ceaseless labours worn,
What myriads, wish to be as bless'd as I!

What tho' my roofs devoid of pomp arise,
Nor tempt the proud to quit his destin'd way?
Nor costly art my flow'ry dales disguise,
Where only simple Friendship deigns to stray?

See the wild sons of Lapland's chill domain,
That scoop their couch beneath the drifted snows!
How void of hope they ken the frozen plain,
Where the sharp east for ever, ever blows!

* By the terms forced upon the Carthaginians by Scipio, they were to deliver up all the elephants, and to pay near two millions Sterling.

Slave tho' I be, to Delia's eyes a slave,
My Delia's eyes endear the bands I wear;
The sigh she causes well becomes the brave,
The pang she causes 'tis e'en bliss to bear.

See the poor native quit the Libyan shores,
Ah! not in love's delightful fetters bound!
No radiant smile his dying peace restores,
Nor love, nor fame, nor friendship, heals his wound.

Let vacant bards display their boasted woes;
Shall I the mockery of grief display?
No; let the Muse his piercing pangs disclose,
Who bleeds and weeps his sum of life away!

On the wild beech in mournful guise he stood,
Ere the shrill boatswain gave the hated sign;
He dropp'd a tear unseen into the flood,
He stole one secret moment to repine.

Yet the Muse listen'd to the plaints he made,
Such moving plaints as Nature could inspire;
To me the Muse his tender plea convey'd,
But smooth'd and suited to the sounding lyre.

"Why am I ravish'd from my native strand?
"What savage race protects this impious gain?
"Shall foreign plagues infest this teeming land,
"And more than sea-born monsters plough the main?

"Here the dire locusts' horrid swarms prevail;
"Here the blue asps with livid poison swell;
"Here the dry dipsa writhes his sinuous mail;
"Can we not here secure from envy dwell?

"When the grim lion urg'd his cruel chase,
"When the stern panther sought his midnight prey,
"What fate reserv'd me for this Christian race*?
"O race more polish'd, more severe, than they!

"Ye prowling Wolves! pursue my latest cries;
"Thou hungry Tyger! leave thy reeking den;
"Ye sandy Wastes! in rapid eddies rise;
"O tear me from the whips and scorns of men!

"Yet in their face superior beauty glows:
"Are smiles the mien of Rapine and of Wrong?
"Yet from their lip the voice of mercy flows,
"And ev'n religion dwells upon their tongue.

"Of blissful haunts they tell, and brighter climes,
"Where gentle minds, convey'd by Death, repair;
"But stain'd with blood, and crimson'd o'er with crimes,
"Say, shall they merit what they paint so fair?

"No; careless, hopeless of those fertile plains,
"Rich by our toils, and by our sorrows gay,
"They ply our labours and enhance our pains,
"And feign these distant regions to repay.

* Spoke by a Savage.

"For them our tusky elephant expires;
"For them we drain the mine's embowell'd gold;
"Where rove the brutal nations' wild desires?—
"Our limbs are purchas'd, and our life is sold!

"Yet shores there are, bless'd shores for us remain,
"And favour'd isles, with golden fruitage crown'd,
"Where tufted flow'rets paint the verdant plain,
"Where ev'ry breeze shall med'cine ev'ry wound.

"There the stern tyrant that embitters life,
"Shall, vainly suppliant, spread his asking hand;
"There shall we view the billows' raging strife,
"Aid the kind breast, and waft his boat to land."

ELEGY XXI.

Taking a view of the country from his retirement, he is led to meditate on the character of the ancient Britons. Written at the time of a rumoured tax upon luxury, 1746.

THUS Damon sung—What tho' unknown to praise,
Umbrageous coverts hide my Muse and me,
Or 'mid the rural shepherds flow my days,
Amid the rural shepherds I am free.

To view sleek vassals crowd a stately hall,
Say, should I grow myself a solemn slave?
To find thy tints, O Titian! grace my wall,
Forego the flow'ry fields my fortune gave?

Lord of my time, my devious path I bend
Thro' fringy woodland or smooth-shaven lawn,
Or pensile grove or airy cliff ascend,
And hail the scene by Nature's pencil drawn.

Thanks be to Fate—tho' nor the racy vine,
Nor fatt'ning olive clothe the fields I rove,
Sequester'd shades and gurgling founts are mine,
And ev'ry silvan grot the Muses love.

Here if my vista point the mould'ring pile,
Where hood and cowl Devotion's aspect wore,
I trace the tott'ring reliques with a smile,
To think the mental bondage is no more.

Pleas'd if the glowing landscape wave with corn,
Or the tall oaks, my country's bulwark, rise;
Pleas'd if mine eye, o'er thousand vallies borne,
Discern the Cambrian hills support the skies.

And see Plinlimmon! ev'n the youthful sight
Scales the proud hill's ethereal cliffs with pain!
Such, Caer-Caradoc! thy stupendous height,
Whose ample shade obscures th' Iernian main.

Bleak, joyless regions! where, by Science fir'd,
Some prying sage his lonely step may bend;
There, by the love of novel plants inspir'd,
Invidious view the clamb'ring goats ascend.

Yet for those mountains, clad with lasting snow,
The freeborn Briton left his greenest mead,
Receding sullen from his mightier foe,
For here he saw fair Liberty recede.

Then if a chief perform'd a patriot's part,
Sustain'd her drooping sons, repell'd her foes,
Above or Persian luxe or Attic art
The rude majestic monument arose.

Progressive ages caroll'd forth his fame,
Sires to his praise attun'd their children's tongue,
The hoary Druid fed the gen'rous flame,
While in such strains the rev'rend wizard sung:

" Go forth, my Sons!—for what is vital breath,
" Your gods expell'd, your liberty resign'd?
" Go forth, my Sons!—for what is instant death
" To souls secure perennial joys to find?

" For scenes there are, unknown to war or pain,
" Where drops the balm that heals a tyrant's wound;
" Where patriots bless'd with boundless freedom reign,
" With misletoe's mysterious garlands crown'd.

" Such are the names that grace your mystic songs,
" Your solemn woods resound their martial fire;
" To you, my Sons! the ritual meed belongs,
" If in the cause you vanquish or expire.

"Hark! from the sacred oak that crowns the groves,
"What awful voice my raptur'd bosom warms!
"This is the favour'd moment Heav'n approves,
"Sound the shrill trump; this instant sound, to arms!"

Theirs was the science of a martial race,
To shape the lance or decorate the shield;
Ev'n the fair virgin stain'd her native grace
To give new horrors to the tented field.

Now for some cheek where guilty blushes glow,
For some false Florimel's impure disguise,
The listed youth nor War's loud signal know,
Nor Virtue's call, nor Fame's imperial prize.

Then, if soft concord lull'd their fears to sleep,
Inert and silent slept the manly car,
But rush'd horrific o'er the fearful steep,
If Freedom's awful clarion breath'd to war.

Now the sleek courtier, indolent and vain,
Thron'd in the splendid carriage, glides supine,
To taint his virtue with a foreign strain,
Or at a fav'rite's board his faith resign.

Leave then, O Luxury! this happy soil;
Chase her, Britannia! to some hostile shore;
Or fleece the baneful pest with annual spoil*,
And let thy virtuous offspring weep no more.

* Alludes to a tax upon luxury, then in debate.

ELEGY XXII.

Written in the year —— when the rights of sepulture were so frequently violated.

SAY, gentle Sleep! that lov'st the gloom of night,
Parent of dreams! thou great Magician! say,
Whence my late vision thus endures the light,
Thus haunts my fancy thro' the glare of day.

The silent moon had scal'd the vaulted skies,
And anxious Care resign'd my limbs to rest;
A sudden lustre struck my wond'ring eyes,
And Silvia stood before my couch confest.

Ah! not the nymph so blooming and so gay,
That led the dance beneath the festive shade,
But she that, in the morning of her day,
Entomb'd beneath the grass-green sod was laid.

No more her eyes their wonted radiance cast,
No more her breast inspir'd the lover's flame;
No more her cheek the Pæstan rose surpast,
Yet seem'd her lip's ethereal smile the same.

Nor such her hair as deck'd her living face,
Nor such her voice as charm'd the list'ning crow'd;
Nor such her dress as heighten'd ev'ry grace;
Alas! all vanish'd for the mournful shroud!

Yet seem'd her lip's ethereal charm the same;
That dear distinction ev'ry doubt remov'd;
Perish the lover whose imperfect flame
Forgets one feature of the nymph he lov'd.

"Damon," she said, "mine hour allotted flies;
"Oh! do not waste it with a fruitless tear!
"Tho' griev'd to see thy Sylvia's pale disguise,
"Suspend thy sorrow, and attentive hear.

"So may the Muse with virtuous fame be blest!
"So be thy love with mutual love repaid!
"So may thy bones in sacred silence rest!
"Fast by the reliques of some happier maid!

"Thou know'st how, ling'ring on a distant shore,
"Disease invidious nipt my flow'ry prime;
"And, oh! what pangs my tender bosom tore,
"To think I ne'er must view my native clime!

"No friend was near to raise my drooping head,
"No dear companion wept to see me die;
"Lodge me within my native soil, I said,
"There my fond parents' honour'd reliques lie.

"Tho' now debarr'd of each domestic tear,
"Unknown, forgot, I meet the fatal blow;
"There many a friend shall grace my woeful bier,
"And many a sigh shall rise, and tear shall flow.

" I spoke, nor Fate forbore his trembling spoil;
" Some venal mourner lent his careless aid,
" And soon they bore me to my native soil,
" Where my fond parents' dear remains were laid.

" 'Twas then the youths from ev'ry plain and grove
" Adorn'd with mournful verse thy Sylvia's bier;
" 'Twas then the Nymphs their votive garlands wove,
" And strew'd the fragrance of the youthful year.

" But why, alas! the tender scene display?
" Could Damon's foot the pious path decline?
" Ah, no! 'twas Damon first attun'd his lay,
" And sure no sonnet was so dear as thine.

" Thus was I bosom'd in the peaceful grave,
" My placid ghost no longer wept its doom,
" When savage robbers ev'ry sanction brave,
" And, with outrageous guilt, defraud the tomb!

" Shall my poor corse, from hostile realms convey'd,
" Lose the cheap portion of my native sands?
" Or, in my kindred's dear embraces laid,
" Mourn the vile ravage of barbarian hands?

" Say, would thy breast no deathlike torture feel,
" To see my limbs the felon's gripe obey?
" To see them gash'd beneath the daring steel?
" To crowds a spectre, and to dogs a prey!

"If Pæan's sons these horrid rites require,
"If Health's fair science be by these refin'd,
"Let guilty convicts for their use expire,
"And let their breathless corse avail mankind.

"Yet hard it seems, when Guilt's last fine is paid,
"To see the victim's corse deny'd repose;
"Now, more severe, the poor offenceless maid
"Dreads the dire outrage of inhuman foes.

"Where is the faith of ancient Pagans fled?
"Where the fond care the wand'ring manes claim?
"Nature, instinctive, cries, Protect the dead,
"And sacred be their ashes and their fame!

"Arise, dear Youth! ev'n now the danger calls;
"Ev'n now the villain snuffs his wonted prey:
"See! see! I lead thee to yon' sacred walls—
"Oh! fly to chase these human wolves away."

ELEGY XXIII.

Reflections suggested by his situation.

BORN near the scene for Kenelm's * fate renown'd,
I take my plaintive reed, and range the grove,
And raise my lay, and bid the rocks resound
The savage force of empire and of love.

Fast by the centre of yon' various wild,
Where spreading oaks embow'r a Gothic fane,
Kendrida's arts a brother's youth beguil'd;
There Nature urg'd her tend'rest pleas in vain.

Soft o'er his birth, and o'er his infant hours,
Th' ambitious maid could ev'ry care employ,
Then with assiduous fondness cropt the flow'rs,
To deck the cradle of the princely boy.

But soon the bosom's pleasing calm is flown;
Love fires her breast; the sultry passions rise:
A favour'd lover seeks the Mercian throne,
And views her Kenelm with a rival's eyes.

* Kenelm, in the Saxon heptarchy, was heir to the kingdom of Mercia, but being very young at his father's death, was, by the artifices of his sister and her lover, deprived of his crown and life together. The body was found in a piece of ground near the top of Clent hill, exactly facing Mr. Shenstone's house, near which place a church was afterwards erected to his memory, still used for divine worship, and called St. Kenelm's. See *Plot's History of Staffordshire*.

How kind were Fortune! ah! how just were Fate!
Would Fate or Fortune Mercia's heir remove!
How sweet to revel on the couch of state!
To crown at once her lover and her love!

See, garnish'd for the chase, the fraudful maid
To these lone hills direct his devious way;
The youth, all prone, the sister-guide obey'd,
Ill-fated youth! himself the destin'd prey.

But now nor shaggy hill nor pathless plain
Forms the lone refuge of the sylvan game,
Since Lyttleton has crown'd the sweet domain
With softer pleasures and with fairer fame.

Where the rough bowman urg'd his headlong steed,
Immortal bards, a polish'd race, retire;
And where hoarse scream'd the strepent horn, succeed
The melting graces of no vulgar lyre.

See Thomson, loit'ring near some limpid well,
For Britain's friend the verdant wreath prepare!
Or, studious of revolving seasons, tell
How peerless Lucia made all seasons fair!

See *** from civic garlands fly,
And in these groves indulge his tuneful vein!
Or from yon' summit, with a guardian's eye,
Observe how Freedom's hand attires the plain?

Here Pope!—ah! never must that tow'ring mind
To his lov'd haunts or dearer friend return!
What art, what friendships! oh! what fame resign'd!
—In yonder glade I trace his mournful urn.

Where is the breast can rage or hate retain,
And these glad streams and smiling lawns behold?
Where is the breast can hear the woodland strain,
And think fair Freedom well exchang'd for gold?

Thro' these soft shades delighted let me stray,
While o'er my head forgotten suns descend!
Thro' these dear vallies bend my casual way,
Till setting life a total shade extend!

Here far from courts, and void of pompous cares,
I'll muse how much I owe mine humbler fate,
Or shrink to find how much Ambition dares
To shine in anguish, and to grieve in state!

Can'st thou, O Sun! that spotless throne disclose,
Where her bold arm has left no sanguine stain?
Where, shew me where, the lineal sceptre glows,
Pure as the simple crook that rules the plain?

Tremendous pomp! where hate, distrust, and fear,
In kindred bosoms solve the social tie;
There not the parent's smile is half sincere,
Nor void of art the consort's melting eye.

There with the friendly wish, the kindly flame,
No face is brighten'd and no bosoms beat;
Youth, manhood, age, avow one sordid aim,
And ev'n the beardless lip essays deceit.

There coward Rumours walk their murd'rous round:
The glance that more than rural blame instills:
Whispers that, ting'd with friendship, doubly wound,
Pity that injures, and concern that kills.

There anger whets, but love can ne'er engage;
Caressing brothers part but to revile;
There all men smile, and Prudence warns the wise
To dread the fatal stroke of all that smile.

There all are rivals! sister, son, and sire,
With horrid purpose hug destructive arms;
There soft-ey'd maids in murd'rous plots conspire,
And scorn the gentler mischief of their charms.

Let servile minds one endless watch endure;
Day, night, nor hour, their anxious guard resign;
But lay me, Fate! on flow'ry banks secure,
Tho' my whole soul be, like my limbs, supine.

Yes; may my tongue disdain a vassal's care;
My lyre resound no prostituted lays;
More warm to merit, more elate to wear
The cap of Freedom than the crown of bays.

Sooth'd by the murmurs of my pebbled flood,
I wish it not o'er golden sands to flow;
Cheer'd by the verdure of my spiral wood,
I scorn the quarry where no shrub can grow.

No midnight pangs the shepherd's peace pursue;
His tongue, his hand, attempts no secret wound;
He sings his Delia, and, if she be true,
His love at once and his ambition's crown'd.

ELEGY XXIV.

He takes occasion, from the fate of Eleanor of Bretagne, to suggest the imperfect pleasures of a solitary life.*

When Beauty mourns, by Fate's injurious doom,
Hid from the cheerful glance of human eye;
When Nature's pride inglorious waits the tomb,
Hard is that heart which checks the rising sigh.

Fair Eleonora! would no gallant mind
The cause of Love, the cause of Justice own?
Matchless thy charms, and was no life resign'd
To see them sparkle from their native throne?

* Eleanor of Bretagne, the lawful heiress of the English crown upon the death of Arthur, in the reign of King John. She was esteemed the beauty of her time; was imprisoned forty years (till the time of her death) in Bristol castle.

Or had fair Freedom's hand unveil'd thy charms,
Well might such brows the regal gem resign;
Thy radiant mien might scorn the guilt of arms,
Yet Albion's awful empire yield to thine.

O shame of Britons! in one sullen tow'r
She wet with royal tears her daily cell:
She found keen anguish ev'ry rose devour:
They sprung, they shone, they faded, and they fell.

Thro' one dim lattice, fring'd with ivy round,
Successive suns a languid radiance threw,
To paint how fierce her angry guardian frown'd,
To mark how fast her waning beauty flew.

This Age might bear; then sated Fancy palls,
Nor warmly hopes what splendour can supply;
Fond Youth incessant mourns, if rigid walls
Restrain its list'ning ear, its curious eye.

Believe me *** the pretence is vain!
This boasted calm that smooths our early days;
For never yet could youthful mind restrain
Th' alternate pant for pleasure and for praise.

Ev'n me, by shady oak or limpid spring,
Ev'n me, the scenes of polish'd life allure;
Some genius whispers, "Life is on the wing,
"And hard his lot that languishes obscure.

"What tho' thy riper mind admire no more—
"The shining cincture and the broider'd fold;
"Can pierce, like light'ning thro' the figur'd ore,
"And melt to dross the radiant forms of gold.

"Furs, ermines, rods, may well attract thy scorn,
"The futile presents of capricious Pow'r!
"But wit, but worth, the public sphere adorn,
"And who but envies then the social hour?

"Can Virtue, careless of her pupil's meed,
"Forget how * * sustains the shepherd's cause?
"Content in shades to tune a lonely reed,
"Nor join the sounding pæan of applause?

"For public haunts, impell'd by Britain's weal,
"See Grenville quit the Muse's fav'rite ease;
"And shall not swains admire his noble zeal?
"Admiring praise, admiring strive to please?

"Life," says the sage, "affords no bliss sincere,
"And courts and cells in vain our hopes renew;
"But, ah! where Grenville charms the list'ning ear,
"'Tis hard to think the cheerless maxim true.

"The groves may smile, the rivers gently glide,
"Soft thro' the vale resound the lonesome lay;
"Ev'n thickets yield delight, if taste preside,
"But can they please when Lyttleton's away?

"Pure as the swain's the breast of ***, glows;
"Ah! were the shepherd's phrase like his refin'd!
"But how improv'd the gen'rous dictate flows
"Thro' the clear medium of a polish'd mind!

"Happy the youths who, warm with Britain's love,
"Her inmost wish in * * * periods hear!
"Happy that in the radiant circle move,
"Attendant orbs, where Lonsdale gilds the sphere!

"While rural faith, and ev'ry polish'd art,
"Each friendly charm, in * * * conspire,
"From public scenes all pensive must you part;
"All joyless to the greenest fields retire!

"Go, plaintive Youth! no more by fount or stream,
"Like some lone halcyon, social pleasure shun;
"Go, dare the light, enjoy its cheerful beam,
"And hail the bright procession of the sun.

"Then, cover'd by thy ripen'd shades, resume
"The silent walk, no more by passion tost;
"Then seek thy rustic haunts, the dreary gloom,
"Where ev'ry art that colours life is lost."——

In vain! the list'ning Muse attends in vain!
Restraints in hostile bands her motions wait—
Yet will I grieve, and sadden all my strain,
When injur'd Beauty mourns the Muse's fate.

ELEGY XXV.

To Delia, with some flowers; complaining how much his benevolence suffers on account of his humble fortune.

WHATE'ER could Sculpture's curious art employ,
Whate'er the lavish hand of Wealth can show'r,
These would I give—and ev'ry gift enjoy
That pleas'd my fair—but Fate denies my pow'r.

Bless'd were my lot to feed the social fires!
To learn the latent wishes of a friend!
To give the boon his native taste admires,
And for my transport on his smile depend!

Bless'd, too, is he whose ev'ning ramble strays
Where droop the sons of Indigence and Care!
His little gifts their gladden'd eyes amaze,
And win, at small expence, their fondest pray'r!

And, oh! the joy, to shun the conscious light;
To spare the modest blush; to give unseen!
Like show'rs that fall behind the veil of night,
Yet deeply tinge the smiling vales with green.

But happiest they who drooping realms relieve!
Whose virtues in our cultur'd vales appear!
For whose sad fate a thousand shepherds grieve,
And fading fields allow the grief sincere.

To call lost Worth from its oppressive shade,
To fix its equal sphere, and see it shine,
To hear it grateful own the gen'rous aid;
This, this is transport, but must ne'er be mine.

Faint is my bounded bliss: nor I refuse
To range where daisies open, rivers roll,
While prose or song the languid hours amuse,
And sooth the fond impatience of my soul.

Awhile I'll weave the roofs of jasmine bow'rs,
And urge with trivial cares the loit'ring year;
A while I'll prune my grove, protect my flow'rs,
Then, unlamented, press an early bier!

Of those lov'd flow'rs the lifeless corse may share,
Some hireling hand a fading wreath bestow;
The rest will breathe as sweet, will glow as fair,
As when their master smil'd to see them glow.

The sequent morn shall wake the sylvan quire;
The kid again shall wanton ere 'tis noon;
Nature will smile, will wear her best attire;
O! let not gentle Delia smile so soon!

While the rude herse conveys me slow away,
And careless eyes my vulgar fate proclaim,
Let thy kind tear my utmost worth o'erpay,
And, softly sighing, vindicate my fame.—

O Delia! cheer'd by thy superior praise,
I bless the silent path the Fates decree;
Pleas'd from the list of my inglorious days
To raze the moments crown'd with bliss and thee.

ELEGY XXVI.

Describing the sorrow of an ingenuous mind on the melancholy event of a licentious amour.

Why mourns my friend! why weeps his downcast eye?
That eye where mirth, where fancy us'd to shine;
Thy cheerful meads reprove that swelling sigh;
Spring ne'er enamell'd fairer meads than thine.

Art thou not lodg'd in Fortune's warm embrace?
Wert thou not form'd by Nature's partial care?
Bless'd in thy song, and bless'd in ev'ry grace
That wins the friend, or that enchants the fair!

"Damon," said he, "thy partial praise restrain;
"Not Damon's friendship can my peace restore:
"Alas! his very praise awakes my pain,
"And my poor wounded bosom bleeds the more.

"For, oh! that Nature on my birth had frown'd,
"Or Fortune fix'd me to some lowly cell!
"Then had my bosom 'scap'd this fatal wound,
"Nor had I bid these vernal sweets farewell.

" But led by Fortune's hand, her darling child,
" My youth her vain licentious bliss admir'd;
" In Fortune's train the syren Flatt'ry smil'd,
" And rashly hallow'd all her queen inspir'd.

" Of folly studious, ev'n of vices vain,
" Ah, vices gilded by the rich and gay!
" I chas'd the guileless daughters of the plain,
" Nor dropp'd the chase till Jessy was my prey.

" Poor artless maid! to stain thy spotless name
" Expense, and Art, and Toil, united strove;
" To lure a breast that felt the purest flame,
" Sustain'd by virtue, but betray'd by love.

" School'd in the science of Love's mazy wiles,
" I cloth'd each feature with affected scorn;
" I spoke of jealous doubts and fickle smiles,
" And, feigning, left her anxious and forlorn.

" Then, while the fancy'd rage alarm'd her care,
" Warm to deny, and zealous to disprove,
" I bade my words the wonted softness wear,
" And seiz'd the minute of returning love.

" To thee, my Damon, dare I paint the rest?
" Will yet thy love a candid ear incline?
" Assur'd that virtue, by misfortune press'd,
" Feels not the sharpness of a pang like mine.

" Nine envious moons matur'd her growing shame,
" Ere while to flaunt it in the face of day,
" When, scorn'd of Virtue, stigmatiz'd by Fame,
" Low at my feet desponding Jessy lay."

" Henry," she said, " by thy dear form subdu'd,
" See the sad reliques of a nymph undone!
" I find, I find this rising sob renew'd;
" I sigh in shades, and sicken at the sun.

" Amid the dreary gloom of night I cry,
" When will the morn's once pleasing scenes return?
" Yet what can morn's returning ray supply,
" But foes that triumph, or but friends that mourn!

" Alas! no more that joyous morn appears
" That led the tranquil hours of spotless fame,
" For I have steep'd a father's couch in tears,
" And ting'd a mother's glowing cheek with shame.

" The vocal birds that raise their matin strain,
" The sportive lambs, increase my pensive moan;
" All seem to chase me from the cheerful plain,
" And talk of truth and innocence alone.

" If thro' the garden's flow'ry tribes I stray,
" Where bloom the jasmines that could once allure,
" Hope not to find delight in us," they say,
" For we are spotless, Jessy; we are pure."

" Ye Flow'rs! that well reproach a nymph so frail,
" Say, could ye with my virgin fame compare?
" The brightest bud that scents the vernal gale
" Was not so fragrant, and was not so fair.

" Now the grave old alarm the gentler young,
" And all my fame's abhorr'd contagion flee;
" Trembles each lip, and falters ev'ry tongue,
" That bids the morn propitious smile on me.

" Thus for your sake I shun each human eye,
" I bid the sweets of blooming youth adieu;
" To die I languish, but I dread to die,
" Lest my sad fate should nourish pangs for you.

" Raise me from earth; the pains of want remove,
" And let me, silent, seek some friendly shore;
" There only, banish'd from the form I love,
" My weeping virtue shall relapse no more.

" Be but my friend; I ask no dearer name;
" Be such the meed of some more artful fair;
" Nor could it heal my peace or chase my shame,
" That Pity gave what Love refus'd to share.

" Force not my tongue to ask its scanty bread,
" Nor hurl thy Jessy to the vulgar crew;
" Not such the parent's board at which I fed!
" Not such the precept from his lips I drew!

“ Haply, when age has silver'd o'er my hair,
“ Malice may learn to scorn so mean a spoil;
“ Envy may slight a face no longer fair,
“ And Pity welcome to my native soil.”

“ She spoke—nor was I born of savage race,
“ Nor could these hands a niggard boon assign;
“ Grateful she clasp'd me in a last embrace,
“ And vow'd to waste her life in pray'rs for mine.

“ I saw her foot the lofty bark ascend,
“ I saw her breast with ev'ry passion heave;
“ I left her—torn from ev'ry earthly friend:
“ Oh! my hard bosom! which could bear to leave!

“ Brief let me be; the fatal storm arose;
“ The billows rag'd, the pilot's art was vain;
“ O'er the tall mast the circling surges close;
“ My Jessy—floats upon the wat'ry plain!

“ And—see my youth's impetuous fires decay;
“ Seek not to stop Reflection's bitter tear;
“ But warn the frolic, and instruct the gay,
“ From Jessy floating on her wat'ry bier!”

LEVITIES:
OR, PIECES OF HUMOUR.

FLIRT AND PHIL:
A DECISION FOR THE LADIES.

A WIT, by learning well refin'd
A beau, but of the rural kind,
To Silvia made pretences;
They both profess'd an equal love,
Yet hop'd by diff'rent means to move
Her judgment or her senses.

Young sprightly Flirt, of blooming mien,
Watch'd the best minutes to be seen,
Went—when his glass advis'd him;
While meagre Phil of books inquir'd,
A wight for wit and parts admir'd,
And witty ladies priz'd him.

Silvia had wit, had spirits too;
To hear the one, the other view,
Suspended held the scales:
Her wit, her youth, too, claim'd its share;
Let none the preference declare,
But turn up—heads or tails.

STANZAS

To the memory of an agreeable Lady, buried in marriage to a person undeserving her.

'TWAS always held, and ever will,
By sage mankind, discreeter
T' anticipate a lesser ill
Than undergo a greater.

When mortals dread diseases, pain,
And languishing conditions,
Who don't the lesser ills sustain
Of physic—and physicians?

Rather than lose his whole estate,
He that but little wise is,
Full gladly pays four parts in eight
To taxes and excises.

Our merchants Spain has near undone
For lost ships not requiting;
This bears our noble K—, to shun
The loss of blood—in fighting!

With num'rous ills, in single life,
The batchelor's attended;
Such to avoid he takes a wife—
And much the case is mended!

Poor Gratia, in her twentieth year,
Forseeing future woe,
Chose to attend a monkey here
Before an ape below.

COLEMIRA.

A CULINARY ECLOGUE.

Nec tantum Veneris, quantum studiosa culinae.

IMITATION.

Insensible of soft desire,
Behold Colemira prove
More partial to the kitchen fire
Than to the fire of Love.

NIGHT's sable clouds had half the globe o'erspread,
And silence reign'd, and folks were gone to bed,
When love, which gentle sleep can ne'er inspire,
Had seated Damon by the kitchen fire.

Pensive he lay, extended on the ground,
The little Lares kept their vigils round;
The fawning cats compassionate his case,
And pur around, and gently lick his face:

To all his plaints the sleeping curs reply,
And with hoarse snorings imitate a sigh.
Such gloomy scenes with lovers' minds agree,
And solitude to them is best society.

" Could I," he cry'd, " express how bright a grace
" Adorns thy morning hands and well-wash'd face,
" Thou wouldst, Colemira, grant what I implore,
" And yield me love, or wash thy face no more.

" Ah! who can see, and seeing not admire,
" Whene'er she sets the pot upon the fire!
" Her hands outshine the fire and redder things;
" Her eyes are blacker than the pots she brings.

" But sure no chamber-damsel can compare,
" When in meridian lustre shines my fair,
" When warm'd with dinner's toil, in pearly rills,
" Adown her goodly cheeks the sweat distills.

" Oh! how I long, how ardently desire,
" To view those rosy fingers strike the lyre!
" For late, when bees to change their climes began,
" How did I see 'em thrum the frying-pan!

" With her I should not envy G— his queen,
" Tho' she in royal grandeur deck'd be seen;
" Whilst rags, just sever'd from my fair one's gown,
" In russet pomp and greasy pride hang down.

" Ah! how it does my drooping heart rejoice,
" When in the hall I hear thy mellow voice!
" How would that voice exceed the village bell,
" Wouldst thou but sing, " I like thee passing well!"

"When from the hearth she bade the pointers go,
"How soft, how easy, did her accents flow!
"Get out," she cry'd; "when strangers come to sup
"One ne'er can raise those snoring devils up."

"Then, full of wrath, she kick'd each lazy brute,
"Alas! I envy'd even that salute:
"'Twas sure misplac'd—Shock said, or seem'd to say,
"He had as lief I had the kick as they.

"If she the mystic bellows takes in hand,
"Who like the fair can that machine command!
"O may'st thou ne'er by Æolus be seen,
"For he would sure demand thee for his queen!

"But should the flame this rougher aid refuse,
"And only gentler med'cines be of use,
"With full-blown cheeks she ends the doubtful strife,
"Foments the infant flame, and puffs it into life.

"Such arts as these exalt the drooping fire,
"But in my breast a fiercer flame inspire:
"I burn! I burn! O! give thy puffing o'er,
"And swell thy cheeks and pout thy lips no more!

"With all her haughty looks, the time I've seen
"When this proud damsel has more humble been,
"When with nice airs she hoist the pancake round,
"And dropt it, hapless fair! upon the ground.

"Look, with what charming grace, what winning tricks,
"The artful charmer rubs the candlesticks!
"So bright she makes the candlesticks she handles,
"Oft' have I said—there were no need of candles.

"But thou, my Fair! who never wouldst approve,
"Or hear the tender story of my love,
"Or mind how burns my raging breast—a button—
"Perhaps art dreaming of—a breast of mutton."

Thus said, and wept the sad desponding swain,
Revealing to the sable walls his pain:
But nymphs are free with those they should deny;
To those they love more exquisitely coy.

Now chirping crickets raise their tinkling voice,
The lambent flames in languid streams arise,
And smoke in azure folds evaporates and dies.

ON CERTAIN PASTORALS.

So rude and tuneless are thy lays,
The weary audience vow
'Tis not th' Arcadian swain that sings,
But 'tis his herds that low.

ON MR. C——

OF KIDDERMINSTER'S POETRY.

THY verses, Friend? are Kidderminster * stuff,
And I must own you've measur'd out enough.

TO THE VIRTUOSI.

HAIL, curious Wights! to whom so fair
The form of mortal flies is!
Who deem those grubs beyond compare,
Which common sense despises.

Whether o'er hill, morass, or mound,
You make your sportsman sallies,
Or that your prey, in gardens found,
Is urg'd thro' walks and allies;

Yet in the fury of the chase
No slope could e'er retard you,
Bless'd if one fly repay the race,
Or painted wing reward you.

Fierce as Camilla † o'er the plain
Pursu'd the glitt'ring stranger,
Still ey'd the purple's pleasing stain,
And knew not fear nor danger.

* Kidderminster, famous coarse woollen manufacture.
† See Virgil.

'Tis you dispense the fav'rite meat
To Nature's filmy people,
Know what conserves they chuse to eat,
And what liq-eurs to tipple.

And if her brood of insects dies,
You sage assitance lend her;
Can stoop to pimp for am'rous flies,
And help 'em to engender.

'Tis you protect their pregnant hour;
And, when the birth's at hand,
Exerting your obstetric pow'r,
Prevent a mothless land.

Yet, oh! howe'er your tow'ring view
Above gross objects rises,
Whate'er refinements you pursue,
Hear what a friend advises:

A friend who, weigh'd with your's, must prize
Domitian's idle passion,
That wrought the death of teazing flies,
But ne'er their propagation.

Let Flavia's eyes more deeply warm,
Nor thus your hearts determine,
To slight Dame Nature's fairest form
And sigh for Nature's vermine.

And speak with some respect of beaus,
No more as triflers treat 'em;
'Tis better learn to save one's clothes
Than cherish moths that eat 'em.

THE EXTENT OF COOKERY.

Aliusque et idem.

EXPLANATION.

Another and the same.

When Tom to Cambridge first was sent,
A plain brown bob he wore,
Read much, and look'd as tho' he meant
To be a fop no more.

See him to Lincoln's-Inn repair,
His resolution flag,
He cherishes a length of hair,
And tucks it in a bag.

Nor Coke nor Salkeld he regards,
But gets into the House,
And soon a judge's rank rewards
His pliant votes and bows.

Adieu, ye Bobs! ye Bags! give place;
Full bottoms come instead:
Good L—d! to see the various ways
Of dressing a calf's head!

THE PROGRESS OF ADVICE,

A COMMON CASE.

Suade, nam certum est.

EXPLANATION.

Advise it, for 'tis fix'd.

Says Richard to Thomas (and seem'd half afraid)
"I am thinking to marry thy mistress's maid;
"Now, because Mrs. Lucy to thee is well known,
"I will do't if thou bidd'st me, or let it alone.

"Nay, don't make a jest on't; 'tis no jest to me;
"For 'faith I'm in earnest; so prithee be free.
"I've no fault to find with the girl since I knew her,
"But I'd have thy advice ere I tie myself to her."

Said Thomas to Richard, "To speak my opinion,
"There is not such a bitch in King George's dominion;
"And I firmly believe, if thou knew'st her as I do,
"Thou wouldst chuse out a whipping-post first to be ty'd to.

"She's peevish, she's thievish, she's ugly, she's old,
"And a liar, and a fool, and a slut, and a scold."
Next day Richard hasten'd to church and was wed,
And ere night had inform'd her what Thomas had said.

SLENDER'S GHOST.

VIDE SHAKESPEARE.

Beneath a church-yard yew,
Decay'd and worn with age,
At dusk of eve methought I spy'd
Poor Slender's Ghost, that, whimp'ring, cry'd,
" O sweet! O sweet Anne Page!"

Ye gentle Bards! give ear,
Who talk of am'rous rage,
Who spoil the lily, rob the rose,
Come, learn of me to weep your woes:
" O sweet! O sweet Anne Page!"

Why should such labour'd strains
Your formal Muse engage?
I never dream'd of flame or dart,
That fir'd my breast, or pierc'd my heart,
But sigh'd, " O sweet Anne Page!"

And you! whose love-sick minds
No med'cine can assuage,
Accuse the leech's art no more,
But learn of Slender to deplore,
" O sweet! O sweet Anne Page!

And ye! whose souls are held
Like linnets in a cage,
Who talk of fetters, links and chains,
Attend, and imitate my strains;
"O sweet! O sweet Anne Page!"

And you! who boast or grieve
What horrid wars ye wage,
Of wounds receiv'd from many an eye,
Yet mean as I do, when I sigh,
"O sweet! O sweet Anne Page!"

Hence ev'ry fond conceit
Of shepherd or of sage;
'Tis Slender's voice, 'tis Slender's way,
Expresses all you have to say,
"O sweet! O sweet Anne Page!"

THE INVIDIOUS. MART.

O FORTUNE! if my pray'r of old
Was ne'er solicitous for gold,
With better grace thou may'st allow
My suppliant wish, that asks it now;
Yet think not, Goddess! I require it
For the same end your clowns desire it.

In a well-made effectual string
Fain would I see Lividio swing;
Hear him from Tyburn's height haranguing;
But such a cur's not worth one's hanging.
Give me, O Goddess! store of pelf,
And he will tie the knot himself. 12

THE PRICE OF AN EQUIPAGE.

> Servum si potes, Ole, non habere,
> Et regem potes, Ole, non habere. MART.
>
> "If thou from Fortune dost no servant crave,
> "Believe me thou no master need'st to have."

I ask'd a friend, amidst the throng,
Whose coach it was that trail'd along?
"The gilded coach there—don't ye mind?
"That with the footmen stuck behind."
"O Sir!" says he, "what! han't you seen it?
"'Tis Damon's coach, and Damon in it.
"'Tis odd, methinks, you have forgot
"Your friend, your neighbour, and—what not!
"Your old acquaintance Damon!—"True;
"But faith his equipage is new."
"Bless me!" said I, "where can it end?
"What madness has possess'd my friend?
"Four powder'd slaves, and those the tallest,
"Their stomachs, doubtless, not the smallest!

"Can Damon's revenue maintain,
"In lace and food, so large a train?
"I know his land—each inch o' ground—
"'Tis not a mile to walk it round—
"If Damon's whole estate can bear
"To keep his lad and one horse chair,
"I own 'tis past my comprehension."
"Yes, Sir; but Damon has a pension——"
Thus does a false ambition rule us,
Thus pomp delude, and folly fool us;
To keep a race of flick'ring knaves,
He grows himself the worst of slaves.

HINT FROM VOITURE.

Let Sol his annual journeys run,
And when the radiant task is done,
Confess, thro' all the globe 'twould pose him
To match the charms that Celia shows him.

And should he boast he once had seen
As just a form, as bright a mien,
Yet must it still for ever pose him
To match—what Celia never shows him.

INSCRIPTION.

To the memory
Of A. L. Esquire,
Justice of the peace for this county;
Who, in the whole course of his pilgrimage
Thro' a trifling ridiculous world,
Maintaining his proper dignity,
Notwithstanding the scoffs of ill-dispos'd persons,
And wits of the age,
That ridicul'd his behaviour,
Or censur'd his breeding,
Following the dictates of Nature,
Desiring to ease the afflicted,
Eager to set the prisoners at liberty,
Without having for his end
The noise or report such things generally cause
In the world,
(As he was seen to perform them of none)
But the sole relief and happiness
Of the party in distress,
Himself resting easy
When he could render that so;
Not griping or pinching himself
To hoard up superfluities;
Not coveting to keep in his possession
What gives more disquietude than pleasure,
But charitably diffusing it
To all round about him;

Making the most sorrowful countenance
To smile,
In his presence
Always bestowing more than he was ask'd,
Always imparting before he was desir'd;
Not proceeding in this manner
Upon every trivial suggestion,
But the most mature and solemn deliberation;
With an incredible presence and undauntedness
Of mind,
With an inimitable gravity and economy
Of face,
Bidding loud defiance
To politeness and the fashion,
Dar'd let a f—t.

TO A FRIEND.

HAVE you ne'er seen, my gentle Squire!
The humours of your kitchen fire?
Says Ned to Sal, "I lead a spade:
"Why don't ye play?—the girl's afraid—
"Play something—any thing—but play—
"'Tis but to pass the time away—
"Phoo—how she stands—biting her nails—
"As tho' she play'd for half her vails—
"Sorting her cards, hagling and picking—
"We play for nothing, do us? Chicken!

"That card will do—blood, never doubt it,
"It's not worth while to think about it."
Sal thought and thought, and miss'd her aim,
And Ned, ne'er studying, won the game.
Methinks, old Friend! 'tis wondrous true
That verse is but a game at loo:
While many a bard, that shews so clearly
He writes for his amusement merely,
Is known to study, fret, and toil,
And play for nothing all the while,
Or praise at most, for wreaths of yore
Ne'er signify'd a farthing more,
Till having vainly toil'd to gain it,
He sees your flying pen obtain it.
Thro' fragrant scenes the trifler roves,
And hallow'd haunts that Phœbus loves,
Where with strange heats his bosom glows,
And mystic flames the god bestows,
You now none other flame require
Than a good blazing parlour fire;
Write verses—to defy the scorners
In shit-houses and chimney-corners.
Sal found her deep-laid schemes were vain—
The cards are cut—come, deal again—
No good comes on it when one lingers—
I'll play the cards come next my fingers—
Fortune could never let Ned loo her,
When she had left it wholly to her.

Well, now who wins!—why, still the same—
For Sal has lost another game.
"I've done, (she mutter'd;) I was saying,
"It did not argufy my playing.
"Some folks will win, they cannot chuse,
"But think or not think—some must lose.
"I may have won a game or so—
"But then it was an age ago—
"It ne'er will be my lot again—
"I won it of a baby then—
"Give me an ace of trumps, and see!
"Our Ned will beat me with a three!
"'Tis all by luck that things are carry'd—
"He'll suffer for it when he's marry'd."
Thus Sal, with tears in either eye,
While victor Ned sate titt'ring by.
Thus I, long envying your success,
And bent to write and study less,
Sate down, and scribbled in a trice
Just what you see—and you despise.
You, who can frame a tuneful song,
And hum it as you ride along,
And, trotting on the king's highway,
Snatch from the hedge a sprig of bay,
Accept this verse, howe'er it flows,
From one that is your friend in prose.
What is this wreath, so green, so fair!
Which many wish, and few must wear?

Which some men's indolence can gain,
And some men's vigils ne'er obtain?
For what must Sal or poet sue,
Ere they engage with Ned or you?
For luck in verse, for luck at loo?
Ah, no! 'tis genius gives you fame,
And Ned, thro' skill, secures the game.

THE POET AND THE DUN, 1741.

These are messengers
That feelingly persuade me what I am. SHAKESPEARE.

Comes a Dun in the morning and raps at my door—
"I made bold to call—'tis a twelvemonth and more—
"I'm sorry, believe me, to trouble you thus, Sir—
"But Job would be paid, Sir, had Job been a mercer."
My friend, have but patience—"Ay, these are your "ways."
I have got but one shilling to serve me two days—
But, Sir—prithee take it, and tell your attorney
If I ha'n't paid your bill I have paid for your journey.
Well, now thou art gone, let me govern my passion,
And calmly consider—Consider? vexation!
What whore that must paint, and must put on false locks,
And counterfeit joy in the pangs of the pox!
What beggar's wife's nephew, now starv'd, and now beaten,
Who, wanting to eat, fears himself shall be eaten!

What porter, what turnspit, can deem his case hard!
Or what Dun boast of patience that thinks of a Bard!
Well, I'll leave this poor trade, for no trade can be poorer,
Turn shoeboy, or courtier, or pimp, or procurer;
Get love, and respect, and good living, and pelf,
And dun some poor dog of a poet myself.
One's credit, however, of course will grow better.
Here enters the footman, and brings me a letter.
" Dear Sir! I receiv'd your obliging epistle,
" Your fame is secure—bid the critics go whistle.
" I read over with wonder the poem you sent me,
" And I must speak your praises, no soul shall prevent me.
" The audience, believe me, cry'd out ev'ry line
" Was strong, was affecting, was just, was divine;
" All pregnant, as gold is, with worth, weight, and beauty,
" And to hide such a genius was—far from your duty.
" I foresee that the court will be hugely delighted:
" Sir Richard for much a less genius was knighted.
" Adieu, my good Friend! and for high life prepare ye;
" I could say much more, but you're modest, I spare ye."
Quite fir'd with the flatt'ry, I call for my paper,
And waste that and health, and my time, and my taper;
I scribble till morn, when with wrath no small store,
Comes my old friend the mercer, and raps at my door.
" Ah, Friend! 'tis but idle to make such a pother,
" Fate, Fate has ordain'd us to plague one another."

WRITTEN AT AN INN AT HENLEY.

To thee, fair Freedom! I retire
From flatt'ry, cards, and dice, and din;
Nor art thou found in mansions higher
Than the low cot or humble Inn.

'Tis here with boundless pow'r I reign,
And ev'ry health which I begin,
Converts dull Port to bright Champaigne;
Such freedom crowns it at an Inn.

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate!
I fly from Falsehood's specious grin!
Freedom I love, and form I hate,
And chuse my lodgings at an Inn.

Here, Waiter! take my sordid ore,
Which lackies else might hope to win;
It buys, what courts have not in store,
It buys me freedom at an Inn.

Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an Inn.

A SIMILE.

What village but has sometimes seen
The clumsy shape, the frightful mien,

Tremendous claws, and shagged hair,
Of that grim brute yclep'd a bear?
He from his dam, the learn'd agree,
Receiv'd the curious form you see,
Who with her plastic tongue alone
Produc'd a visage—like her own—
And thus they hint, in mystic fashion,
The pow'rful force of education *.—
Perhaps yon' crowd of swains is viewing
Ev'n now, the strange exploits of Bruin,
Who plays his antics, roars aloud,
The wonder of a gaping crowd!
  So have I known an awkward lad,
Whose birth has made a parish glad,
Forbid, for fear of sense, to roam,
And taught by kind mamma at home,
Who gives him many a well-try'd rule,
With ways and means—to play the fool.
In sense the same, in stature higher,
He shines, ere long, a rural squire,
Pours forth unwitty jokes, and swears,
And bawls, and drinks, but chiefly stares:
His tenants, of superior sense,
Carouse and laugh at his expense,
And deem the pastime I'm relating
To be as pleasant as bear-baiting.

* Of a fond matron's education.

THE CHARMS OF PRECEDENCE.

A TALE.

"Sir, will you please to walk before?"
"—No, pray Sir—you are next the door."
"—Upon mine honour I'll not stir—"
"Sir, I'm at home; consider, Sir—"
"Excuse me, Sir; I'll not go first."
"Well if I must be rude, I must—
"But yet I wish I could evade it—
"'Tis strangely clownish, be persuaded—'
Go forward, Cits! go forward Squires!
Nor scruple each what each admires.
Life squares not, Friends! with your proceeding,
It flies while you display your breeding;
Such breeding as one's granam preaches,
Or some old dancing-master teaches.
O for some rude tumultuous fellow,
Half crazy, or, at least, half mellow,
To come behind you unawares,
And fairly push you both down stairs!
But Death's at hand—let me advise ye,
Go forward, Friends! or he'll surprise ye.
Besides, how insincere you are!
Do ye not flatter, lie, forswear,
And daily cheat—and weekly pray,
And all for this—to lead the way?

Such is my theme, which means to prove,
That tho' we drink, or game, or love,
As that or this is most in fashion,
Precedence is our ruling passion.
When college-students take degrees,
And pay the beadle's endless fees,
What moves that scientific body,
But the first cutting at a gaudy?
And whence such shoals, in bare conditions,
That starve and languish as physicians,
Content to trudge the streets, and stare at
The fat apothecary's chariot?
But that, in Charlotte's chamber (see
Moliere's *Médicin malgré lui)*
The leech, howe'er his fortunes vary,
Still walks before th' apothecary.
Flavia in vain has wit and charms,
And all that shines, and all that warms;
In vain all human race adore her,
For—Lady Mary ranks before her.
O Celia! gentle Celia! tell us,
You who are neither vain nor jealous!
The softest breast, the mildest mien!
Would you not feel some little spleen,
Nor bite your lip, nor furl your brow,
If Florimel, your equal now,
Should one day gain precedence of ye?
First serv'd—tho' in a dish of coffee?

Plac'd first, altho' where you are found
You gain the eyes of all around?
Nam'd first, tho' not with half the fame
That waits my charming Celia's name?
 Hard fortune! barely to inspire
Our fix'd esteem and fond desire!
Barely, where'er you go, to prove
The source of universal love!—
Yet be content, observing this,
Honour's the offspring of caprice;
And worth, howe'er you have pursu'd it,
Has now no pow'r—but to exclude it:
You'll find your general reputation
A kind of supplemental station.
 Poor Swift, with all his worth, could ne'er,
He tells us, hope to rise a peer;
So, to supply it, wrote for fame,
And well the wit secur'd his aim.
A common patriot has a drift
Not quite so innocent as Swift;
In Britain's cause he rants, he labours;
"He's honest, faith."—Have patience, Neighbours,
For patriots may sometimes deceive,
May beg their friends' reluctant leave
To serve them in a higher sphere,
And drop their virtue to get there—
 As Lucian tells us, in his fashion,
How souls put off each earthly passion,

Ere on Elysium's flow'ry strand
Old Charon suffer'd 'em to land;
So, ere we meet a court's caresses,
No doubt our souls must change their dresses;
And souls there be who, bound that way,
Attire themselves ten times a-day.
   If then 'tis rank which all men covet,
And saints alike and sinners love it;
If place, for which our courtiers throng
So thick, that few can get along,
For which such servile toils are seen,
Who's happier than a king?—a queen.
   Howe'er men aim at elevation,
'Tis properly a female passion:
Women and beaus, beyond all measure,
Are charm'd with rank's ecstatic pleasure.
   Sir, if your drift I rightly scan,
You'd hint a beau were not a man:
Say women then are fond of places;
I wave all disputable cases.
A man, perhaps, would something linger,
Were his lov'd rank to cost—a finger;
Or were an ear or toe the price on't,
He might delib'rate once or twice on't,
Perhaps ask Gataker's advice on't;
And many, as their frame grows old,
Would hardly purchase it with gold.

But women wish Precedence ever;
'Tis their whole life's supreme endeavour;
It fires their youth with jealous rage,
And strongly animates their age;
Perhaps they would not sell outright,
Or maim a limb—that was in sight;
Yet on worse terms they sometimes chuse it,
Nor ev'n in punishments refuse it.
Pre-eminence in pain! you cry,
All fierce and pregnant with reply:
But lend your patience and your ear,
An argument shall make it clear.
But hold, an argument may fail,
Beside, my title says, A Tale.
Where Avon rolls her winding stream,
Avon! the Muses' fav'rite theme;
Avon! that fills the farmers' purses,
And decks with flow'rs both farms and verses,
She visits many a fertile vale—
Such was the scene of this my Tale;
For 'tis in Ev'sham's Vale, or near it,
That folks with laughter tell and hear it.
The soil, with annual plenty bless'd,
Was by young Corydon possess'd.
His youth alone I lay before ye,
As most material to my story;
For strength and vigour too, he had 'em,
And 'twere not much amiss to add 'em.

Thrice happy lout! whose wide domain
Now green with grass, now gilt with grain,
In russet robes of clover deep,
Or thinly veil'd, and white with sheep;
Now fragrant with the bean's perfume,
Now purpled with the pulse's bloom,
Might well with bright illusion store me,—
But happier bards have been before me!

Amongst the various year's increase
The stripling own'd a field of peas,
Which, when at night he ceas'd his labours,
Were haunted by some female neighbours.
Each morn discover'd to his sight
The shameful havoc of the night;
Traces of this they left behind 'em,
But no instuctions where to find 'em.
The devil's works are plain and evil,
But few or none have seen the devil.
Old Noll, indeed, if we may credit
The words of Echard, who has said it,
Contriv'd with Satan how to fool us,
And bargain'd face to face to rule us;
But then Old Noll was one in ten,
And sought him more than other men.
Our shepherd too, with like attention,
May meet the female fiends we mention.
He rose one morn at break of day,
And near the field in ambush lay;

When, lo! a brace of girls appears,
The third a matron much in years.
Smiling amidst the peas, the sinners
Sate down to cull their future dinners,
And caring little who might own 'em,
Made free as tho' themselves had sown 'em.
'Tis worth a sage's observation
How love can make a jest of passion.
Anger had forc'd the swain from bed,
His early dues to love unpaid!
And Love, a god that keeps a pother,
And will be paid one time or other,
Now banish'd anger out o' door,
And claim'd the debt withheld before.
If Anger bid our youth revile,
Love form'd his features to a smile;
And knowing well 'twas all grimace
To threaten with a smiling face,
He in few words express'd his mind—
And none would deem them much unkind.
The am'rous youth, for their offence,
Demanded instant recompense;
That recompense from each, which shame
Forbids a bashful Muse to name:
Yet more this sentence to discover,
'Tis what Bett * * grants her lover,
When he, to make the strumpet willing,
Has spent his fortune—to a shilling.

Each stood awhile, as 'twere suspended,
And loth to do what—each intended.
At length, with soft pathetic sighs,
The matron, bent with age, replies:
"'Tis vain to strive—justice I know,
"And our ill stars, will have it so——
"But let my tears your wrath assuage,
"And shew some deference for age;
"I from a distant village came,
"Am old, G— knows, and something lame!
"But if we yield, as yield me must,
"Dispatch my crazy body first."
Our shepherd, like the Phrygian swain,
When circled round on Ida's plain
With goddesses, he stood suspended,
And Pallas's grave speech was ended,
Own'd what she ask'd might be his duty,
But paid the compliment to beauty.

EPILOGUE.

TO THE TRAGEDY OF CLEONE.

WELL, Ladies—so much for the tragic style—
And now the custom is to make you smile.
To make us smile!—methinks I hear you say—
Why, who can help it, at so strange a play?
The captain gone three years!—and then to blame
The faultless conduct of his virtuous dame!

My stars!—what gentle belle would think it treason,
When thus provok'd, to give the brute some reason?
Out of my house!—this night, forsooth, depart!
A modern wife had said—"With all my heart!—
"But think not, haughty Sir! I'll go alone;
"Order your coach—conduct me safe to Town—
"Give me my jewels, wardrobe, and my maid—
"And, pray, take care my pinmoney be paid."
Such is the language of each modish fair;
Yet memoirs, not of modern growth, declare
The time has been when modesty and truth
Were deem'd additions to the charms of youth;
When women hid their necks, and veil'd their faces,
Nor roam'd, nor rak'd, nor star'd, at public places,
Nor took the airs of Amazons for graces:
Then plain domestic virtues were the mode,
And wives ne'er dream'd of happiness abroad;
They lov'd their children, learn'd no flaunting airs,
But with the joys of wedlock mix'd the cares.
Those times are past—yet sure they merit praise,
For marriage triumph'd in those golden days;
By chaste decorum they affection gain'd;
By faith and fondness what they won maintain'd.
'Tis yours, ye Fair! to bring those days agen,
And form anew the hearts of thoughtless men;
Make beauty's lustre amiable as bright,
And give the soul as well as sense delight;

Reclaim from folly a fantastic age,
That scorns the press, the pulpit, and the stage.
Let truth and tenderness your breasts adorn,
The marriage chain with transport shall be worn;
Each blooming virgin, rais'd into a bride,
Shall double all their joys, their cares divide;
Alleviate grief, compose the jars of strife,
And pour the balm that sweetens human life.

A PASTORAL ODE.

TO THE HONOURABLE

SIR RICHARD LYTTLETON.

THE morn dispens'd a dubious light,
A sullen mist had stol'n from sight
Each pleasing vale and hill,
When Damon left his humble bowers
To guard his flocks, to fence his flowers,
Or check his wand'ring rill.

Tho' school'd from Fortune's paths to fly,
The swain beneath each low'ring sky
Would oft' his fate bemoan,
That he, in sylvan shades forlorn,
Must waste his cheerless ev'n and morn,
Nor prais'd, nor lov'd, nor known.

No friend to Fame's obstrep'rous noise,
Yet to the whispers of her voice,
Soft murm'ring, not a foe;
The pleasures he thro' choice declin'd,
When gloomy fogs depress'd his mind,
It griev'd him to forego:

Griev'd him to lurk the lakes beside,
Where coots in rushy dingles hide,
And moorcocks shun the day;
While caitiff bitterns, undismay'd,
Remark the swain's familiar shade,
And scorn to quit their prey.

But see the radiant sun once more
The bright'ning face of heav'n restore,
And raise the doubtful dawn,
And more to gild his rural sphere,
At once the brightest train appear
That ever trod the lawn.

Amazement chill'd the shepherd's frame,
To think Bridgewater's * honour'd name
Should grace his rustic cell;
That she, on all whose motions wait
Distinction, titles, rank, and state,
Should rove where shepherds dwell.

But true it is, the gen'rous mind,
By candour sway'd, by taste refin'd,
Will nought but vice disdain;
Nor will the breast where fancy glows,
Deem every flower a weed that blows
Amid the desert plain.

* The Duchess of Bridgewater, married to Sir Richard Lyttleton.

Beseems it such, with honour crown'd,
To deal its lucid beams around,
Nor equal meed receive;
At most such garlands from the field,
As cowslips, pinks, and pansies, yield,
And rural hands can weave.

Yet strive, ye shepherds! strive to find,
And weave the fairest of the kind,
The prime of all the spring;
If haply thus yon' lovely fair
May round her temples deign to wear
The trivial wreaths you bring.

O how the peaceful halcyons play'd,
Where'er the conscious lake betray'd
Athenia's placid mien!
How did the sprightlier linnets throng,
Where Paphia's charms requir'd the song,
'Mid hazel copses green!

Lo, Dartmouth on those banks reclin'd,
While busy Fancy calls to mind
The glories of his line!
Methinks my cottage rears its head,
The ruin'd walls of yonder shed,
As thro' enchantment, shine.

But who the nymph that guides their way?
Could ever nymph descend to stray
From Hagley's fam'd retreat?
Else by the blooming features fair,
The faultless make, the matchless air,
'Twere Cynthia's form complete.

So would some tuberose delight,
That struck the pilgrim's wond'ring sight
'Mid lonely deserts drear,
All as at eve the sov'ring flower
Dispenses round its balmy power,
And crowns the fragrant year.

Ah! now no more, the shepherd cry'd,
Must I Ambition's charms deride,
Her subtle force disown;
No more of Fauns or Fairies dream,
While Fancy, near each crystal stream,
Shall paint these forms alone.

By low-brow'd rock or pathless mead,
I deem'd that splendour ne'er should lead
My dazzled eyes astray;
But who, alas! will dare contend,
If beauty add, or merit blend
Its more illustrious ray?

Nor is it long—O plaintive swain!
Since Guernsey saw, without disdain,
Where, hid in woodlands green,
The partner of his early days*,
And once the rival of his praise,
Had stol'n thro' life unseen.

Scarce faded is the vernal flower,
Since Stamford left his honour'd bow'r
To smile familiar here:
O, form'd by Nature to disclose
How fair that courtesy which flows
From social warmth sincere!

Nor yet have many moons decay'd
Since Pollio sought this lonely shade,
Admir'd this rural maze:
The noblest breast that Virtue fires,
The Graces love, the Muse inspires,
Might pant for Pollio's praise.

Say, Thomson here was known to rest;
For him yon' vernal seat I drest,
Ah! never to return!
In place of wit and melting strains,
And social mirth, it now remains
To weep beside his urn.

* They were schoolfellows.

Come then, my Lelius! come once more,
And fringe the melancholy shore
With roses and with bays,
While I each wayward Fate accuse,
That envy'd his impartial Muse,
To sing your early praise.

While Philo, to whose favour'd sight
Antiquity, with full delight,
Her inmost wealth displays,
Beneath yon' ruin's moulder'd wall
Shall muse, and with his friend recall
The pomp of ancient days.

Here, too, shall Conway's name appear,
He prais'd the stream so lovely clear,
That shone the reeds among;
Yet clearnefs could it not disclose,
To match the rhetoric that flows
From Conway's polish'd tongue.

Ev'n Pitt, whose fervent periods roll
Resistless thro' the kindling soul
Of senates, councils, kings!
Tho' form'd for courts, vouchsaf'd to rove,
Inglorious, thro' the shepherd's grove,
And ope his bashful springs.

But what can courts discover more
Than these rude haunts have seen before,
Each fount and shady tree?
Have not these trees and fountains seen
The pride of courts, the winning mien
Of peerless Aylesbury?

And Grenville, she whose radiant eyes
Have mark'd by slow gradation rise
The princely piles of Stow;
Yet prais'd these unembellish'd woods,
And smil'd to see the babbling floods
Thro' self-worn mazes flow.

Say, Dartmouth, who your banks admir'd,
Again beneath your caves retir'd,
Shall grace the pensive shade;
With all the bloom, with all the truth,
With all the sprightliness of youth,
By cool reflection sway'd?

Brave, yet humane, shall Smith appear;
Ye sailors! tho' his name be dear,
Think him not yours alone:
Grant him in other spheres to charm;
The shepherds' breasts tho' mild are warm,
And ours are all his own.

O Lyttleton! my honour'd guest,
Could I describe thy gen'rous breast,
Thy firm, yet polish'd, mind;
How public love adorns thy name,
How Fortune, too, conspires with Fame,
The song should please mankind.

A PASTORAL BALLAD,

IN FOUR PARTS.

Written 1733.

Arbusta humilesque myricae. VIRG.

EXPLANATION.

Groves and lowly shrubs.

I. ABSENCE.

Ye Shepherds ! so cheerful and gay,
Whose flocks never carelessly roam,
Should Corydon's happen to stray,
Oh ! call the poor wanderers home.
Allow me to muse and to sigh,
Nor talk of the change that ye find ;
None once was so watchful as I ;
—I have left my dear Phillis behind.

Now I know what it is to have strove
With the torture of doubt and desire ;
What it is to admire and to love,
And to leave her we love and admire.
Ah ! lead forth my flock in the morn,
And the damps of each ev'ning repel ;
Alas ! I am faint and forlorn ;
—I have bade my dear Phillis farewell.

Since Phyllis vouchsaf'd me a look,
I never once dream'd of my vine;
May I lose both my pipe and my crook
If I knew of a kid that was mine.
I priz'd ev'ry hour that went by
Beyond all that had pleas'd me before;
But now they are past, and I sigh,
And I grieve that I priz'd them no more.

But why do I languish in vain?
Why wander thus pensively here?
Oh! why did I come from the plain,
Where I fed on the smiles of my dear?
They tell me my favourite maid,
The pride of that valley, is flown;
Alas! where with her I have stray'd,
I could wander with pleasure alone.

When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,
What anguish I felt at my heart!
Yet I thought—but it might not be so—
'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.
She gaz'd as I slowly withdrew;
My path I could hardly discern:
So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return.

The pilgrim that journeys all day
To visit some far-distant shrine,
If he bear but a relique away,
Is happy, nor heard to repine.
Thus widely remov'd from the fair,
Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,
Soft hope is the relique I bear,
And my solace wherever I go.

II. HOPE.

My banks they are furnish'd with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
My grottos are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white over with sheep.
I seldom have met with a loss,
Such health do my fountains bestow;
My fountains all border'd with moss,
Where the harebells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound;
Not a beech's more beautiful green
But a sweetbriar entwines it around:
Not my fields in the prime of the year,
More charms than my cattle unfold;
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to retire
To the bow'r I have labour'd to rear;
Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
But I hasted and planted it there.
O how sudden the jessamine strove
With the lilac to render it gay!
Already it calls for my love
To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands, and groves,
What strains of wild melody flow;
How the nightingales warble their loves
From thickets of roses that blow!
And when her bright form shall appear,
Each bird shall harmoniously join
In a concert so soft and so clear,
As—she may not be fond to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair;
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed;
But let me that plunder forbear,
She will say 'twas a barbarous deed:
For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
Who could rob a poor bird of its young;
And I lov'd her the more when I heard
Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold
How that pity was due to—a dove;
That it ever attended the bold,
And she call'd it the sister of Love.
But her words such a pleasure convey,
So much I her accents adore,
Let her speak, and whatever she say,
Methinks I should love her the more.

Can a bosom so gentle remain
Unmov'd when her Corydon sighs!
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
These plains and this valley despise?
Dear regions of silence and shade!
Soft scenes of contentment and ease!
Where I could have pleasingly stray'd,
If aught in her absence could please.

But where does my Phyllida stray?
And where are her grots and her bow'rs?
Are the groves and the vallies as gay,
And the shepherds as gentle, as ours?
The groves may perhaps be as fair,
And the face of the vallies as fine,
The swains may in manners compare,
But their love is not equal to mine.

III. SOLICITUDE.

Why will you my passion reprove?
Why term it a folly to grieve?
Ere I shew you the charms of my love,
She is fairer than you can believe.
With her mien she enamours the brave,
With her wit she engages the free,
With her modesty pleases the grave;
She is ev'ry way pleasing to me.

O you that have been of her train,
Come and join in my amorous lays!
I could lay down my life for the swain
That will sing but a song in her praise.
When he sings, may the nymphs of the town
Come trooping, and listen the while?
Nay, on him let not Phyllida frown,
—But I cannot allow her to smile.

For when Paridel tries in the dance
Any favour with Phyllis to find,
O how with one trivial glance
Might she ruin the peace of my mind!
In ringlets he dresses his hair,
And his crook is bestudded around;
And his pipe—oh! may Phyllis beware
Of a magic there is in the sound!

'Tis his with mock passion to glow;
'Tis his in smooth tales to unfold
"How her face is as bright as the snow,
"And her bosom, be sure, is as cold;
"How the nightingales labour the strain,
"With the notes of the charmer to vie;
"How they vary their accents in vain,
"Repine at her triumphs, and die."

To the grove or the garden he strays,
And pillages every sweet,
Then suiting the wreath to his lays,
He throws it at Phyllis's feet.
"O Phyllis!" he whispers, "more fair,
"More sweet, than the jessamine's flow'r!
"What are pinks in a morn to compare?
"What is eglantine after a show'r?

"Then the lily no longer is white,
"Then the rose is depriv'd of its bloom,
"Then the violets die with despight,
"And the woodbines give up their perfume."
Thus glide the soft numbers along,
And he fancies no shepherd his peer;
—Yet I never should envy the song,
Were not Phyllis to lend it an ear.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
So Phyllis the trophy despise;
Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
So they shine not in Phyllis's eyes.
The language that flows from the heart
Is a stranger to Paridel's tongue;
—Yet may she beware of his art,
Or sure I must envy the song.

IV. DISAPPOINTMENT.

Ye Shepherds! give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my sheep;
They have nothing to do but to stray,
I have nothing to do but to weep.
Yet do not my folly reprove;
She was fair—and my passion begun;
She smil'd—and I could not but love;
She is faithless—and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought;
Perhaps it was plain to foresee
That a nymph so complete would be sought
By a swain more engaging than me.
Ah! love ev'ry hope can inspire,
It banishes wisdom the while,
And the lip of the nymph we admire
Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile.

She is faithless, and I am undone;
Ye that witness the woes I endure,
Let reason instruct you to shun
What it cannot instruct you to cure.
Beware how you loiter in vain
Amid nymphs of an higher degree;
It is not for me to explain
How fair and how fickle they be.

Alas! from the day that we met
What hope of an end to my woes?
When I cannot endure to forget
The glance that undid my repose.
Yet time may diminish the pain:
The flow'r, and the shrub, and the tree,
Which I rear'd for her pleasure in vain,
In time may have comfort for me.

The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,
The sound of a murmuring stream,
The peace which from solitude flows,
Henceforth shall be Corydon's theme.
High transports are shewn to the sight,
But we are not to find them our own;
Fate never bestow'd such delight
As I with my Phyllis had known.

O ye Woods! spread your branches apace,
To your deepest recesses I fly,
I would hide with the beasts of the chase,
I would vanish from every eye.
Yet my reed shall resound thro' the grove
With the same sad complaint it begun;
How she smil'd, and I could not but love
Was faithless, and I am undone.

CONTENTS.

Page

PREFACE, giving a brief account of the Author, 5

A prefatory Essay on Elegy, 11

Advertisement, 20

A Description of the Leasowes, the Author's country-seat, by R. Dodsley, 21

VERSES TO MR. SHENSTONE.

Written on a Ferme Ornée, near Birmingham, by the late Lady Luxborough, 52

To William Shenstone, Esq. at the Leasowes. By Mr. Graves, ib.

Verses received by the post, from a Lady unknown, 1761, 54

On the discovery of an Echo, at Edgbaston. By ——— ———, 56

Verses by Mr. Dodsley, on his first arrival at the Leasowes, 1754, 57

To Mr. R. D. on the death of Mr. Shenstone, 59

Verses written at the gardens of William Shenstone, Esq. near Birmingham, 1756, 61

To William Shenstone, Esq. in his sickness. By Mr. Woodhouse, 65

Verses left on a seat, the hand unknown, 68

Corydon, a Pastoral. To the memory of William Shenstone, Esq. By Mr. J. Cunningham, 69

Page

ELEGIES, WRITTEN ON MANY DIFFERENT OCCASIONS.

I. He arrives at his retirement in the country, and takes occasion to expatiate in praise of simplicity. To a Friend 71

II. On posthumous reputation. To a Friend, 73

III. On the untimely death of a certain learned acquaintance, 75

IV. Ophelia's urn. To Mr. G——, 78

V. He compares the turbulence of love with the tranquillity of friendship. To Melissa his friend, 80

VI. To a Lady, on the language of birds, 81

VII. He describes his vision to an acquaintance, 83

VIII. He describes his early love of poetry, and its consequences. To Mr. G——. 1745, 86

IX. He describeshis disinterestedness to a friend, 89

X. To Fortune, suggesting his motive for repining at her dispensations, 91

XI. He complains how soon the pleasing novelty of life is over. To Mr. J——, 94

XII. His recantation, 97

XIII. To a friend, on some slight occasion estranged from him, 98

XIV. Declining an invitation to visit foreign countries, he takes occasion to intimate the advantages of his own. To Lord Temple, 100

Page

XV. In memory of a private family in Worcestershire, 103
XVI. He suggests the advantages of birth to a person of merit, and the folly of a superciliousness that is built upon that sole foundation, 107
XVII. He indulges the suggestions of spleen: an Elegy to the winds; 112
XVIII. He repeats the song of Colin, a discerning shepherd, lamenting the state of the woollen manufactory, 116
XIX. Written in spring, 1743. 120
XX. He compares his humble fortune with the distress of others, and his subjection to Delia with the miserable servitude of an African slave, 123
XXI. Taking a view of the country from his retirement, he is led to meditate on the character of the ancient Britons. Written at the time of a rumoured tax upon luxury, 1746, 126
XXII. Written in the year —— when the rights of sepulture were so frequently violated, 130
XXIII. Reflections suggested by his situation, 134
XXIV. He takes occasion, from the fate of Eleanor of Bretagne, to suggest the imperfect pleasures of a solitary life, 138

Page
XXV. To Delia, with some flowers; complaining how much his benevolence suffers on account of his humble fortune, 142
XXVI. Describing the sorrow of an ingenuous mind on the melancholy event of a licentious amour, 144

LEVITIES; OR, PIECES OF HUMOUR.

Flirt and Phil: A decision for the Ladies, 149
Stanzas to the memory of an agreeable Lady, buried in marriage to a person undeserving her, 150
Colemira. A culinary Eclogue, 151
On certain Pastorals, 154
On Mr. C——— of Kidderminster's poetry, 155
To the Virtuosi ib.
The Extent of Cookery, 157
The Progress of Advice. A common case, 158
Slender's Ghost, 159
The Invidious, 160
The Price of an Equipage, 161
Hint from Voiture, 162
Inscription, 163
To a Friend, 164
The Poet and the Dun, 1741, 167
Written at an Inn at Henley, 169
A Simile, ib.
The Charms of Precedence. A Tale, 171

Page
Epilogue to the tragedy of Cleone, 178
A pastoral Ode, to the Hon. Sir Richard Lyttleton, 181
A Pastoral Ballad, in four parts. Written 1733.
I. Absence, 189
II. Hope, 191
III. Solicitude, 194
IV. Disappointment, 196